

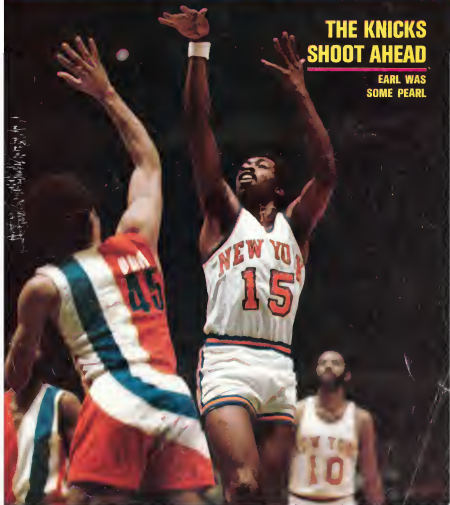


Sports Illustrated

APRIL 16, 1973 60 CENTS

THE KNICKS SHOOT AHEAD

EARL WAS
SOME PEARL





A paint that glides is easier to use than a paint that paints.

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Next week

AS A POW, Major Murphy Neal Jones never forgot his football days at Tulane. When he came home he revisited the campus with John Underwood and found sport had changed

WIDE OPEN is Group B in World Championship Tennis. With three tournaments to go, half a dozen players in the Cleveland Cause are still scrambling for a place on top

SHEDDING NEW LIGHT on the old shell game. Photographer James Drake captures the essence of rowing, from a hard, powerful start to the quiet documenent at dockside

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BOOKTALK

Works to complete the library of the
completist—and the incompletist—angler

Publishers have been turning out a torrent of angling books, so for the spring season here are some half dozen titles that should appeal to a diversity of readers.

Mark Soven and John Clark's *Through the Fish's Eye* (Harper & Row, \$7.95) is a fascinating account of why fresh- and salt-water game fishes behave as they do and how fishermen, with the knowledge imparted, can improve their catch. Drawing from both scientific studies and their own experience, Soven and Clark deal with such matters as feeding rhythm, temperature preferences and sense of smell and lake productivity, and they have a knack for summing up their findings in a straightforward style. For instance, "Fish are particularly on the alert for strange, sharp sounds, especially those around 1,000 cycles that approximate the tail thump of an attacking predator." The book, illustrated with drawings and color photographs, should find favor not only with anglers but anyone interested in animal behavior.

Great Fishing Tackle Catalogs of the Golden Age (Crown, \$6.95), edited by Samuel Melner and Hermann Kessler with commentary by Sparse Grey Hackle, is a look back to the palmy days of the late 19th and early 20th centuries as drawn from the offerings of Orvis, Mils, Abercrombie & Fitch ("where the blazed trail crosses the boulevard") and other dream merchants of the U.S. mails. It is a campy potpourri of paraphernalia portraying frog hooks, ball-bearing trolling spinners, wooden reels, "African Steel Vene" rods and the Weedless Struggling Mouse, "a Sure Killer." Typically, one picture shows a bearded, pipe-smoking, pith-helmeted fisherman in a rowboat, using two Chubb's fishing rod holders for his lines in the water. The fisherman is also reading a hook, "not," as Sparse Grey Hackle notes in his caption, "a dime novel or a Laura Jean Libby paperback but a tackle catalog. The perfect customer." The perfect book for the veteran angler searching for Rosebud.

Frank Woolner's *Modern Saltwater Sport Fishing* (Crown, \$8.95) is a comprehensive work in scope if not always in depth. He touches on everything: surf casting, live baits, bridge fishing, the idiosyncrasies of charter-boat captains—in blunt prose. As Woolner writes, "A just-landed barracuda smells like a well-ripped garbage dump." This is 319 pages of practical advice from the Dear Abby of the seashore.

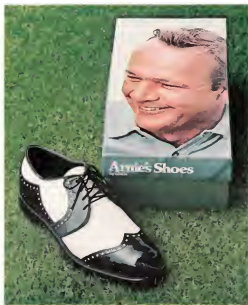
Of appeal to a different and more serious crowd is *Quill Gordo* (Knopf, \$10.95) by John McDonald, this country's leading historian of fly-fishing. Partly a collection of McDonald's scholarly studies on Dame Juliana Berners, Charles Cotton and the

continued

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BOOKTALK continued

santed Theodore Gordon, the work also includes accounts of the author's angling in the Catskills and the West. The book reprints McDonald's piece on salmon flies as well as the paintings by the late Jack Atherton that appeared in the June 1948 issue of *FORTUNE*, long a collector's item.

Ernest Schwiebert's *Nymphs* (Winchester Press, New York, \$9.95) utilizes years of the author's field research on the subject. He details the life histories and imitations of some 300 nymphs, the term anglers use for aquatic insects and certain crustaceans. *Nymphs* leaps light-years ahead of other books on the subject and is enhanced by splendid paintings of the living creatures under discussion by the author, an architect. Unfortunately, there is no plate showing the flies tied in imitation; one hopes Winchester will correct this oversight in the later printings that are sure to follow.

Art Flick's Master Fly-Tying Guide (Crown, \$10) is a book that belongs in every flytier's library. Anglers who do not tie flies should buy this (along with that standard, *Flies*, by J. Edson Leonard) and start. The patterns range from some simple streamers and bass bugs to the delightfully complex. Among the masters who contribute are Helen Shaw, Dave Whillock (marvelous sculpin) and Ted Niemeyer, the James Joyce of flytying. Niemeyer is so right when he advocates the use of many varied materials, "for we miss the great tradition of experimentation if we limit our approach to flytying in any way." One niggling question: Should not the Cuskil Cooler pattern have been credited outright to Charlie Krom instead of to "an eastern fly-tyer of considerable ability"?

Kenneth E. Bay's *Salt Water Flies* (Lippincott, \$8.95) is the sole book in a field that has grown tremendously in popularity over the last several years. Some 50 salt-water patterns are illustrated, along with tying techniques, in photographs by Hermann Kessler. Most of the patterns are simple and easy to tie, and they take fish.

A final note for bibliophiles: In the tradition of the grand gesture, the Angler's and Shooter's Press in Goshen, Conn. is reprinting, with additional material and new color prints by Charles DeFeo and Ogden Pleissner, a limited edition of 250 copies of *The Rivipischoe and Its Salmon Fishery* by Dean Sage. The price is a cassy \$500. Originally published in 1888 in an edition of 105 copies of which only 50 were for sale, the Sage book is the most coveted of American angling works, and the infrequent copy that is put on the market sells for as much as \$3,000. Ten percent of any profits from the new edition will go to the International Atlantic Salmon Foundation to help perpetuate the species that inspired Sage to write his classic almost 100 years ago.

—ROBERT H. BOYLE

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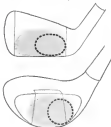
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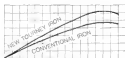


SWEETSPOT COMPARISON
Dotted area shows conventional sweetspot. Shaded area shows new Tourney sweetspot.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREMER

MOVE THE HAMBO?

Bliff Hayes of Du Quoin, Ill., has had a contract with the Hambletonian Society since 1957 to stage trotting's most important race. The contract is renewable every few years, and each time the renewal date approaches rival groups and racetracks enter bids for the privilege of putting on the Hambletonian. Apparently the demeaning spectacle of the sport's premier event being offered regularly to interested bidders does not disturb the society's elders, normally a tradition-proud crew. But they would snicker in their bourbon if the thoroughbred people kept putting the Kentucky Derby on the auction block.

The latest and best-financed effort to get the Hambletonian away from Du Quoin is the work of a group of New Yorkers who want to present it at Saratoga, not at harness racing's Saratoga Raceway but on the famous old thoroughbred track after its traditional month of flat racing ends. Naturally, the Du Quoin forces are resisting, and there are solid arguments for both sides. But one point Du Quoin has in its favor is impressive: in Du Quoin, where it has been for the last 15 years, the Hambletonian has put down firm roots in an area that is appropriately rural and American heartland for this traditional countryside sport. Maybe there is a second point, too: How can anyone even think of presenting the Hambo on a track like Saratoga, a fortress of the thoroughbred Establishment? Why, those folks still call the trotters jugheads.

NALPRACTICE

Proprietors of golf driving ranges won't like this, but Betty Burfend, winner of \$47,500 last year on the women's golf tour, says, "The more practice balls you hit, the less time you have on the tour. The body takes a terrible strain hitting golf balls. The hands and elbows take a real beating, and the older you get the more ailments you're likely to develop. Arthritis, tendinitis and all those other

ituses will eventually catch up with you."

She says she will hit a few tee shots to loosen up before a round and will occasionally hit a bucket of balls if she has had problems with her swing. But that's it.

"Just getting out and playing is the best practice of all, and it's a lot easier on your body."

HIGH-POWER PREVIEW

When the Indy-type cars rolled off the tracks and into their winter garages last season, auto racing fans had a pretty good idea what was going to come back out this spring: the 200-mph era. All the basics were there: turbochargers, superadhesive tires, airfoils on everything but drivers' helmets and elbows—about the only thing needed was a few chassis touches to bring the hotshots over the 200 mark. Early tests at various tracks indicated that suspicions were correct, but the official season opener at Phoenix was washed out, which brought the gang to a 200-mile race tucked out of the way on a new track at College Station, Texas last weekend. There, as promised, they cut loose.

Not just one or two, but nine cars qualified at 200-plus mph, led by Bobby Unser's Olsonite-Eagle at a blurring 212.766. A. J. Foyt, with a 206.127-mph average, qualified only seventh and said, "I dunno if I want to ride that fast." He hunted he would be in favor of new restrictions to cut everybody back down to safer levels.

The Texas track is a two-mile affair with enough banking—two 22-degree turns that rifle the racers into the straightaway—to make drivers feel they are inside a giant soup bowl. On the more sedate 2½-mile Indy course, starting speeds will be slightly slower. For the record, Al (The Other) Unser won in his Viceroy Special, but now that they're in the 200s the main concern of the drivers is the punishment wreaked on cars at such sustained high speeds. In Texas Bobby Unser led for 30 laps, then fell

out with a broken piston. Mario Andretti, who qualified third with 209.607 mph, Gordon Johncock and Foyt dropped out with mechanical troubles, and only 13 cars, half the starters, were running at the end.

Next stop will be Trenton, and then, if there are any cars left, the month-long Indy scene starts. The question won't be whether or not they can hit 200 at The Brickyard but how long they can hold it.

WIRED FOR SOUND

Despite his wired jaw, Muhammad Ali may end up lecturing on poetry at Oxford, beginning next November. His only serious rival for the chair of poetry there is Stephen Spender, who has never been in the ring with a Ken Norton or a Joe



Frazier. Spender does have a second named W. H. Auden, possibly a good cut man.

Dr. Duncan MacLeod and Dr. Nicholas Stern, who asked Ali to accept the nomination and run, insisted their bid was serious. "We should like to see him win," said Dr. MacLeod. "It may be time for ephemeral poets like Ali to be recognized. He is not a professional poet. His poetry is incidental to his main work. But it could be that it reflects a true poetic impulse."

Asked if he admired Ali's verse, MacLeod said, "That would be a bit strong. I enjoy it." He admitted, too, that one reason for the nomination is to suggest

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"there is a certain amount of ridicule attached to this kind of election, anyway."

The vote takes place next month when some, if not all, of 30,000 eligible Oxford M.A.'s will cast their ballots. The position is for five years at an annual salary of a bout £774. If he wins, Ahl would be expected to give one lecture a term, or about three in the course of a year.

SELLOUT OF SELLOUTS

Next year's final round of the UCLA college basketball championships whoope, make that the NCAA college basketball championships—will be played in Greensboro, N.C. The Greensboro Coliseum seats 15,600. Don't bother writing for tickets. They went on sale April 1, a year ahead of time, and they're all gone. Only 8,800 seats were available for public sale (the other 6,600 are reserved for the competing teams, visiting coaches and the NCAA) and almost 30,000 applications, each presumably asking for the maximum of four tickets, were received. It was estimated that the total value of the checks accompanying the applications was more than \$2 million.

The applications with proper postmarks (none before April 1, none after that date) were put together in a bin and a drawing was held to pick the lucky 2,200 who would get tickets. Coliseum Manager Jim Oshust said, "We knew we were in the hotbed of college basketball and we knew we would have an early sellout, but nobody expected anything like this."

CINDER? WHAT ARE CINDER?

If you look upon synthetic surfaces as a momentary phenomenon, a fad that will dimmish and eventually go away, you are out of touch. They are now the accepted—or at least the preferred—way of life. As evidence listen to the complaint of Burl McCoy, track coach at Abilene Christian, after a recent meet: "I feel that having to compete on a cinder track slowed us down in our running. The men were not used to that type of track and were unable to get their footing."

MORE BASKETBALL BUSINESS

Virginia Tech's National Invitation Tournament victory in New York's Madison Square Garden had clear and welcome repercussions for that institution. Tech's president, Dr. T. Marshall Hahn, said thousands of dollars were

pledged to the college treasury in the days following the tournament, and he added that because of the victory, alumni, corporations and the Virginia General Assembly were expected to look more favorably upon the school. Dr. Hahn said the funds Tech received would be used for research and instruction as well as for athletic programs, but he noted that the recognition the athletic program had received "will help not only in recruiting the blue-chip athletes but in putting before the public the image of a successful university." He added that that would probably open the door for some industrial grants.

All this is added evidence of the financial impact of big-time sport on the collegiate scene.

PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT

Echoing this businesslike approach to college sport, Ara Parseghian of Notre Dame said not long ago that he felt coaches should be allowed to test promising high school athletes before giving them athletic scholarships in somewhat the same way students are tested before being granted academic scholarships.

"You never saw an academic scholarship offered without some sort of examination," Parseghian said. "You get a musician, and you want to hear how he plays. But the football coach can only meet and look at the athlete and say, 'Well, he looks all right.'"

He suggested that the NCAA approve some kind of test of physical ability to help sort out the talent. "If an athlete isn't going to be able to make it in your school, why not tell him before he signs for a scholarship?" Parseghian argued. "Then he could go instead to a smaller school and be a big fish in a little pond."

NO TEA PARTY

John D. (Jack) Semple, the energetic, hot-tempered little Scotsman who is a driving force behind the Boston Marathon, may abandon the affair after the 1973 version is run this Monday. Among other things, Semple handles all the office detail related to applications. Last week he wrote a marathoner friend: "This has become more than a labor of love and I'm afraid I'm going to bow out. The thing is, I'm losing the feeling that I'm doing something for the game. There are well over 1,500 entries, and handling that much mail is just beyond me. Most of the entrants think we have

a staff with secretaries, etc., but I handle the whole thing myself, with a little help from my wife and a fellow at the Garden. The mail I have received since January and replied to, including the postcards, must be close to 5,000, and this does not include the mail I get all summer, fall and winter. Strange as it may seem, I also have a clinic to operate [Semple is a registered physiotherapist: the marathon is a hobby].

"We have a great field of class runners and also hundreds of honest runners like yourself but the rest of the mob is made up of cheats and liars who do not tell the truth on their entry blanks. It is an impossible task to screen them. I threw out some, but the number of cheats is abnormal.

"Enough complaints. It is still the greatest race, and someone can take my place. I hope you can run a satisfactory race without too much suffering."

GREEN BELT

Golf courses, always in danger of selling out because of the two-way pressure of rising taxes and inviting real-estate prices, found an ally in William Scott, attorney general of Illinois. In a speech at a golf seminar near Chicago, Scott said, "It does not make sense to tax golf courses out of existence and then ask taxpayers to buy them back in order to preserve open spaces." Not so optimistically, he did not see Illinois giving golf courses tax relief for another five or 10 years.

THEY SAID IT

- Mike Kilkenny, Cleveland Indian relief pitcher, after reading that Babe Ruth's salary of \$80,000 a year in 1930 was equivalent to a salary of \$307,130 today because of inflation and increased taxes: "If I played then, it would mean I'd have been making about 9¢ a day."
- Jack Kemp, former pro football player, explaining how he went about getting reelected as a Congressman from Buffalo: "I told the people that if they didn't elect me, I'd come back as quarterback of the Bills."
- Darrell Royal, Texas football coach: "Football doesn't build character. It eliminates the weak ones."
- Charles Maher, *Los Angeles Times* sportswriter, talking to an official of the new professional track association: "When are you guys going to have your first strike?"

END

How many times have you decided to give up smoking?

Nobody these days is telling you not to give up smoking.

But if you've given it up more times than you'd like to remember, the chances are you enjoy it too much to want to give it up at all.

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began. What ever happened to rural America, the original one?

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1883 wasn't our biggest year.

But 1973 may well be.

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JACK FELL DOWN AND LOST HIS CROWN

When Nicklaus shot an unregal 77 to open the gates to the working class, that familiar runner-up, Tommy Aaron, shrugged off his bridesmaid costume and stepped into the green jacket of a Masters champion by **DAN JENKINS**

It was the craziest Masters ever played, very nearly the longest, among the wettest, and in the case of Jack Nicklaus perhaps his most philanthropic. Tommy Aaron, a nice, quiet fellow who seems seldom to smile because he seldom has reason, will think back on it quite differently, of course. Tommy Aaron did something he rarely does. He won. He won because Jack Nicklaus shot a horrendous 77 on Friday and then on Sunday left the Masters in a pond on the 15th hole, where he took an 8. Perhaps it would have been fitting if Tommy Aaron had acquired some scuba gear and gone back out to the 15th to collect the trophy, the check and that green jacket. Also, as souvenirs, the two golf balls Nicklaus hit on there.

O.K., so that is not entirely fair. Aaron deserves a considerable amount of credit. While Nicklaus was shooting a marvelous 66 on Monday, trying to re-take from all those blue-collar chaps the tournament he had turned over to them earlier—and in fact scaring off all but a few—Aaron had a fine and brave 68 himself, refusing to come apart as he almost always has in the past.

Aaron is one of those golfers on the tour you never seem to hear from. He is a tall guy with glasses and a belted cap and a loose swing and he can nearly hide from the crowd even when the fairways are roped off. He went nine years on the tour before he won his first tournament, the Canadian Open, and just about everybody agreed that the main reason for that statistic was that Aaron had a swing with more things



Aaron had led before, but never at the end

that could go wrong with it under pressure than the lead car in a freeway traffic jam.

So why did it happen differently last Monday? Why was Aaron for the first time in his career the strongest, most confident looking player on the course? It might have had something to do with the birdies he scored on the first three holes, getting off to an emphatic start, but more probably it was because he had little or no fear of anyone around him. Who did?

With Nicklaus then so far behind, why shouldn't Tommy Aaron consider himself as capable of winning the tournament as anyone else? Remarkably calm and self-assured all the way, even after he wavered slightly with bogeys at the 10th

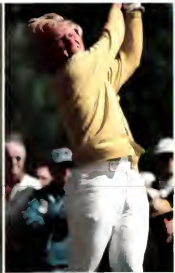
and 11th holes, Aaron went right back to making birdies—two more, and six for the day—and survived Nicklaus' closing rush and that of the other contending peasant, J. C. Snead, who briefly took the lead but put a ball in the water at the 12th hole the way J. C. Sneads are supposed to.

Aaron was certainly strengthened by the crowds, being a Georgia lad. All day they were cheering largely for Tommy and Nicklaus, who was easy to root for, considering the comeback he was attempting. Here comes Jack. Back from Forest Lawn. But he never made it back far enough, only tying the young Englishman, Peter Oosterhuis, and Jim Jamieson for third at 285 behind Aaron's winning 283.

This Masters began like many others. It was even a bit old-fashioned in that the weather had the kind of chill it seems it used to have for at least one of the four rounds. And then there was Aaron with a 68 that gave him the first-round lead. Aaron had often been a factor in previous Masters, although he had never finished better than fifth. He had led, or been close to the lead, only to lapse into his habit of swinging from birdies to bogeys, from eagles to double bogeys, from woods to creeks to flag-sticks and back again. Then, too, Nicklaus was up there close with his 69—a just-right score for him.

continued

When Nicklaus was good, he was very, very good, shooting an opening 66 (twice) and a closing 66, but when he was bad—look at him.



It was mutually decided all across Augusta that night that—ho hum, oh well, it figures, told you so—the tournament was already over on the first day. Nicklaus had shot the 69 with considerable ease, and none of the other favorites were anywhere close. Now the wind would stop, and Jack would score even better on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Or if the wind continued to blow, no one else would cope with it as well as Nicklaus. Tell you what. Let's all meet later at the Cadaver Supper Club and decide who is going to beat Aaron out for second.

When Friday's second round began, it confirmed the notions of Thursday evening. The day was glorious, the blossoms were beautiful, the breezes were quiet and the sun shone. Nicklaus rapped an eight-iron up to the 1st green and the ball sat down right by the pin. Gamme birdie. Now he was four under par, the co-leader, and with the weather and all, and Jack wanting to take a record fifth Masters and his 14th major championship, the one that would break his tie with the ghost of Bobby Jones, well, why wouldn't Nicklaus go ahead and fire a 63 today and win the thing by, say, nine or 10 strokes?

That is how it was as Nicklaus went to the 2nd tee with his playing companion, the engaging amateur Ben Cren-



shaw, a mere college junior. And it was from this moment on that the Masters went total cuckoo, with its unlikely brigade of contenders, with its wild weather, and with wild Jack Nicklaus.

What Nicklaus did was start missing putts that looked as if they could have been flicked in with a martini olive on the end of a toothpick. Not only did he miss them agonizingly, he began to miss them carelessly, looking as if he had received a person-to-person phone call from the Lord above telling him that this was not his year. Jack would stand over a two- or three-footer for a par or birdie and you could tell by his manner that he *knew* it was not going in. And it wouldn't. What this in turn did was cause him to slash at a couple of drives and send them into places he had never been before, and to make errors in judgment trying to escape.

In shooting his unbelievable 77 on Friday—the round that turned the Masters into a golf tournament for everybody, making contenders even out of people who had almost missed the cut—Nicklaus used 39 putts, three-putting four times and missing just about everything he stood over. Later that evening had

he missed his mouth with a bite of steak, it would have seemed routine.

While Nicklaus struggled on Friday, other things began to occur that offered a striking contrast. First, Ben Crenshaw had a stretch of holes—from the 2nd through the 10th—in which he beat Nicklaus by 10 strokes, playing him head on. As Nicklaus shot a 40 on the first nine, Crenshaw had a four-under 32, eagling the uphill 8th with a drive, a three-wood and a 30-foot putt. For a while Crenshaw, surely the most impressive amateur since Nicklaus, led the Masters as if it were the Southwest Conference tournament back in Austin, Texas. Little Ben would ultimately drop back with a couple of disasters at the evil 12th hole, but collegiate juniors are not supposed to win the Masters anyhow.

With Crenshaw's lead disappearing in the creek and Nicklaus still stumbling around on the greens, it was time for the Masters to become the tournament of the working class. Here now came Gay Brewer, J. C. Snead, Bob Dickson, Bob Goalby, Jim Jameson, Johnny Miller, Chu Chi Rodriguez, Aaron and, of course, Oosterhuis to make the event



Ozaki showed off his Jumbo-size game.



During Saturday's storm Rye's Creek overflowed, making a brown lake of the 12th fairway.

look like a protest by the guys in the mines against the man who lives in the big white house on the hill.

Brewer had six birdies and an eagle for a 66; Dickson threw in an eagle and shot a 71; and Chi Chi chipped into the cup on both the 17th and 18th holes for birdies to get himself a 70, a round which saw him take only 23 putts in comparison to Nicklaus' 39. There was all sorts of insanity around. Like these other two foreigners, Jumbo Ozaki, the long-driving Japanese folk hero, and Oosterhuis, hardly more than an English schoolboy, who would perform relentless magic on Sunday's third round, shoot a 68 and assume a three-stroke lead on everyone.

Around the world, the news that someone named Oosterhuis had taken control of the Masters and that someone named Ozaki was a contender must have seemed splendid nonsense. With a name like Oosterhuis you ought to be an engine in a racing car, and with a name like Ozaki you ought to be a motorcycle. But suddenly they were popular with the throngs, not just because they hit soaring tee shots but because they responded warmly to the cheers. Oosterhuis, 6'5", would look tall any-

where outside a pro basketball court—or next to George Archer. Jumbo, although only six feet tall, is a jumbo in Japan, nevertheless.

"It would be a good thing for a foreigner to win the Masters," said Chi Chi Rodriguez. "Good for human relations. Very good for England and Oosterhuis, or for Japan and Ozaki, but better than ever for Puerto Rico and Chi Chi."

At this point, the most remarkable thing was that the Masters was being played at all. On Saturday the rains had come, and kept coming, washing out the day. The sky turned the color of a gray flannel suit, and the holes down in the bottomland looked as if they were soon going to have some small towns from Kansas washing across them. It was the first rainout since 1961 when Gary Player became the only foreigner ever to win the Masters, so it seemed appropriate on Sunday that Oosterhuis and Ozaki and Rodriguez continued giving the premises a foreign flavor.

The real flavor of the tournament, however, was provided by Jack Nicklaus' continued rendezvous with doom. If his mysterious 77 on Friday had not given

everyone a boost, then his lesser catastrophe in the third round certainly did. There he was hauling himself back into the middle of the race, having just birdied the 13th and 14th holes and apparently headed for the 69 or so that would unnerve all those fellows wearing the Arizona caps; there he was going to the pushover 15th hole that he could reach with a driver and a flick of his wrists for another birdie—when once again he became the Nicklaus nobody knew.

What Jack did was hit a bad drive into the mounds on the right, which cost him at least 40 yards in distance. What he did next was hit a three-wood into the pond. What he did next was hit a wedge into the same pond. Result: a triple-bogey 8. An eight on a hole where he ought to make a four.

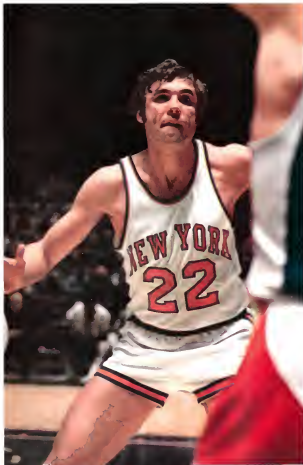
Well, that finally clinched it. Jack couldn't win now. Could he? He was eight strokes and 14 players behind with only one round left.

Perhaps at this point the green jacket should have been draped on a pine tree of the 7th hole where Nicklaus made a double bogey on Friday or tossed into the pond at the 15th where he made his triple bogey on Sunday.

Anyhow, the other fellows were grateful. That was a nice gesture, Jack, giving the Masters back to the working classes—for a while. **END**

Crosshew gave the pros a scary preview.





Dave DeBusschere's tough defense on Bullet Mike Riordan characterized the Knicks' play.

ADD ONE-ON-ONE TO ALL FOR ONE

New York defeated Baltimore four games to one in the NBA playoffs by blending solo bursts with a typical team effort **by PETER CARRY**

Since the annual NBA playoff confrontation between the Baltimore Bullets and the New York Knickerbockers began four years ago, the series have undergone more changes than the consumer price index. Consider the Baltimore roster upon which 92% of the names are different from those that graced it in 1968-69; Bullet Coach Gene Shue's haircut, which has gone from flattop to flat out; and his team's defense, which has been transformed from uptight to tight.

The Knicks have not exactly stood pat themselves. They traded a couple of substitutes—one of whom, Mike Riordan, has become a star in Baltimore—for Earl Monroe (*see cover*), once the Bullets' top gun. Along with Monroe, New York received the Pearl's most demonstrative fan, a courtside hooper named Harry, who wowed the folks in the Baltimore Civic Center and undoubtedly was referred to during negotiations as the dancer to be named later.

Despite the changes, one constant persisted: the battle of the matchups. When this season's playoff round began almost two weeks ago Knick Guard Walt Frazier, that master of on-court hauteur and the wraparound dribble, faced Phil Chenier, a prodigy of cool at the age of 22. At forward Dave DeBusschere of New York and Wes Unseld resolutely boxed one another out while Riordan and Bill Bradley chased each other through picks, behind screens and out the back door. A pair of Louisianians, Willis Reed and Bullet Elvin Hayes, raised cane in the pivot and, most wondrous of all, Earl the Pearl, whose repertoire of steps is more extensive than Dancing Harry's, was vying at the other guard spot with Archie (Shake 'n Bake) Clark, the man who invented the deep shoulder dip, the stumble crossover and the butterfly-kick jump shot.

Moreover, the series was particularly alluring because the teams had played to a 3-3 standoff in the regular season. Alas, it failed to live up to its billing because the Bullets relapsed into some *ancien régime* Baltimore defense, the kind that left the Knicks open for a number of their favorite shots, including quite a few layups that Mother Cabrini could have canned. This allowed New York to turn several key matchups into key mismatches and to win the series four games to one.

It has been 16 years since a pro team compiled a better defensive record than

New York did this season when it held the opposition to an average of 98.2 points per game. The Bullets allowed only 101.6 points themselves—fourth best in the NBA—an improvement of seven from last season. In their six games against each other, only once had either club scored more than 100 points. In what promised to be a low-scoring series, the decisive factor could be a slight edge at one position.

The Bullets had hopes of attaining just such an advantage in the contest between Riordan and Bradley. In two of their final three encounters of the season Riordan had dramatically won this matchup, and he carried that edge into the opening 14 minutes of the first playoff game at Madison Square Garden. As Baltimore broke to a nine-point lead he topped all scorers with 10 points, six of them coming on baseline drives past Bradley. Moments before Riordan hit a jump shot for his ninth and 10th points, Knick Coach Red Holzman benched Bradley and assigned the 6' 6" DeBusschere to the 6' 4" Riordan. No longer able to outmuscle his man on offense and faced with guarding a taller, stronger opponent on defense, Riordan became less effective. In all three of the Knick wins in New York (95-83, 123-103 and 109-99) Holzman used Bradley less than usual, rotating his taller frontcourtmen—Reed, Jerry Lucas and Phil Jackson—as well as DeBusschere. This not only offset any edge that Riordan might have established but also gave the Knicks an unexpected advantage in rebounding.

"DeBusschere is so adaptable that he played guard when he first came into the pros," Riordan said. "He can handle someone quick like me and huge guys like Unseld, too. He's so good fundamentally that he doesn't mismatch."

In New York's crucial 103-96 third-game win in the Civic Center, Hayes shot well from the start and the Bullets were setting him up. Since Riordan was no longer integral to the Baltimore offense, Bradley was able to play 45 minutes and scored a team-leading 23 points.

By that time the Knicks had found an even bigger edge elsewhere. In the first two Madison Square Garden victories the Knick guards broke open close contests in the second half with very un-New Yorkish flurries. In these periods the Knicks made only the barest pretense at pattern play, largely because Bal-

timore was prepared to stymie it. Mostly it was Frazier or Monroe one-on-one from the moment New York gained possession, and this was a tactic the Bullets were not geared for.

While Frazier was hardly ineffectual in those situations—he totaled 27 points in the two second halves—Monroe was dazzling. Not only did he score 37 second-half points, he did it in the bedeviling style of the Pearl of yore—rocking, waggling, spinning, double, triple, quadruple pumping.

He was the Monroe well remembered in Baltimore but rarely seen since he moved into his \$1,000-a-month Manhattan apartment early last season. He has had to undergo an operation for bone spurs in his left foot and perform some surgery on his game as well to accommodate the less individualistic, defense-oriented Knick system; in the last two years Monroe has missed 26 games and averaged only 14 points. His mood was further clouded by the death of his mother in January.

"It's been difficult for me," he says. "I had to bring things out of hiding because the things I had to do with the Bullets are different from what I do now. I curtailed some of the magic and I had to work on my defense. I knew I could do it because I had the quickness you need. But until these playoffs I've been disappointed. I guess this is the first time I feel I've really helped. I think maybe the turning point was when my mother died. I'm sort of playing for her now, and I know she wanted me to be dedicated, to work on the things I've been a little lackadaisical about."

When the series moved to Baltimore the Bullets were concentrating on Monroe and the other Knicks' one-on-one play, and that permitted New York's standard offense to operate more freely. In the third game each of the five starters attempted between 14 and 16 field goals and each scored 16 to 23 points.

"This just proves again that the playoffs are not the regular season," said Bradley. "In the regular season you have to deal with the other team and the schedule. In the playoffs you get rest, and all you have to do is deal with the other team. You scout them during the year, and when it comes to the playoffs you know what they're going to do and how you can stop it. The thing that wins in the playoffs is sound, free-lance, fundamental basketball. You have to play

together for awhile for that to happen, to know what to expect of each other. The Bullets are really a whole new team and they'll be better next year when they've played together more. Of course, by then we'll be a year better, too. So we'll always have the edge on them."

Very briefly, the Bullets narrowed this edge on Friday. Down 0-3, Shue created new matchups by having Unseld and Hayes switch men, something Clark and Chensier had already done in the third game. This strategy plus aggressive team defense and good shooting—notably by Hayes, who scored more than 30 points for the second straight game—resulted in a 97-89 Baltimore win.

But revived Bullets and revised matchups were not enough in Sunday's fifth game back in New York. Baltimore won the first and third periods, but the Knicks' defense and their marvelously fluid, intuitive offense enabled them to win the second and fourth periods, and by a greater margin.

Trailing by five points, New York shot out Baltimore for the first 4:56 of the second quarter while scoring 14 in a row. There were Knick steals and long, wild heaves by the Bullets as they failed to penetrate the New York defense and, most of all, there was Monroe, who scored 20 first-half points, including six in a row to drop Baltimore out of the lead for good. All three of those baskets came on eccentric jumpers after the Pearl had spun into the foul lane and got sharp passes. "It wasn't a play as such, nothing we called coming up the court," Monroe said. "But after you run something like that a few times and it works, it becomes a play."

Following a Bullet rally that cut New York's lead to two points at the start of the fourth quarter, the Knick defense once more forced Baltimore into a series of ball-handling errors and bad shots. In the first 5:46 of this period New York outscored the Bullets 13-1, relying more on its normal style of hitting the open man rather than the hot one, and the series was over. But Dancing Harry had made what was really the last point with 3:57 still to go. Once again shuffling through the only step he apparently knows, he revived an old NBA tradition and lit up a victory smoke. For Baltimore, which has now lost four of five playoffs to the Knicks, it meant that all those changes still added up to no cigar.

END

WAR FOR THE INSCRUTABLE EAST

Surprise followed shock as New York opened Stanley Cup hostilities with defending champion Boston. The "demoralized" Rangers routed the Bruins in Boston and heard sweet music at home by MARK MULVOY



Boston's besieged goalie, 44-year-old Jacques Plante, is late and Bobby Orr (4) is out of position as Steve Vickers (8) scores in Game 5.

Who could forget their last tango in the Stanley Cup? The vulgar signs in New York and the bestial banners in Boston. The guided missiles—half-filled beer cans, raw eggs, rubber chickens, golf balls—from the stands. The brawls in the seats. The fights on the ice. The near-riot that produced a record 174 minutes in penalties in one game.

So forget. Last week the Bruins and the Rangers, hockey's bitterest rivals, squared off once more, this time in a Round One rematch of last year's final Stanley Cup series that Boston won in six rough games—and opened a credibility gap that may take years to close.

The Bruins are favored, right? They are coming off two recent regular-season victories over the demoralized Rangers. They have lost Gerry Cheevers, their aifty Stanley Cup goaltender, to the WHA, but at the last hour they have plucked 44-year-old Jacques Plante from Toronto—the man who invented modern goaltending by roaming away from the

net to steer pucks to his teammates. By winning seven of his eight games with Boston, Plante has led the Bruins past New York into second place in the NHL East, thereby assuring them the home-ice advantage should the opening series go seven games.

Under cover of darkness Emile Francis, boss man of the Rangers, whisked his players into Fitchburg, Mass., 70 miles from Boston, for what he hoped would be a super psych job in a secret hideaway. It had been a trying season for Francis and the Rangers. Acting under orders from Madison Square Garden's executive suite, Francis had more than doubled New York's 20-player payroll to an astronomical \$1.6 million in the hope that the Rangers might buy the Stanley Cup that had eluded them for 33 years. But as the Rangers made their dismal finish reverberations were heard from the Garden's money men. They were beginning to second-guess Francis' moves on the ice. The grum-

bling came into the open one night when the Philadelphia Flyers tied the Rangers 2-2 on a goal made while Francis was caught with the wrong players—or so the people upstairs thought—on the ice during a New York power play.

"We've got to get ourselves straightened away mentally," Francis said. Much to his displeasure, everyone in Massachusetts seemed to know that the Rangers would be doing their thinking in Fitchburg. WELCOME NY RANGERS read the message on the marquee of the Thunderbird Motel, and the next day hundreds of local youngsters milled around the entrance to the rink where the Rangers were holding their secret practices.

Francis had one overriding goal: to contain Bobby Orr, the game's most commanding player, whose often-wounded knee was bothering him no

more. After studying films of most New York-Boston games of the past few seasons, Francis concluded that the only way to arrest Orr was to check him with two players, not the usual single shadow. Orr routinely beats one-on-one coverage by either skating blithely away or by working give-and-go pass patterns. Two-on-one coverage against Orr, Francis figured, might be a possible solution, at least until Orr devised some new escape routes.

As the second part of his game plan, Francis ordered his players to fire away at the aging Plante from anywhere on the ice. There is a feeling among NHL coaches that Plante's old eyes do not pick up the puck clearly until it is within about 30 feet of his goal. "If we shoot from the red line," said the Rangers' Vic Hadfield, "it won't be too close." The Rangers also wanted Plante to handle the puck frequently, realizing that the harder he worked the quicker he would tire.

Unaware of Francis' diabolical scheme, the hockey world awaited a Ranger massacre in Boston Garden. Funny thing happened. By following Francis' formula to the letter, the Rangers checked the Bruins to a standstill, threw a barrage from long range and short at a very shaky Plante and routed the Bruins 6-2. Orr spent much of the night futilely seeking new avenues out of the Boston zone, and when he did get the puck to a teammate one of the Rangers quickly took it away. The Phil Esposito-Wayne Cashman-Ken Hodges line, which led the NHL in scoring, did not get a shot against Ranger Goalie Eddie Giacomin until the game was nearly over. For Plante, every Ranger shot was an adventure. Three of New York's six goals were scored on blasts from at least 40 feet away.

Boston now compliments Plante for gallantry but replaces him with a younger stick and glove. Correct? Wrong.

Despite the private wishes of the Boston players, Coach Bep Guidolin played Plante again in the second game in Boston. He was obviously very tired. Time and again he called the officials to his net and asked them to repair the ice around it and he repeatedly delayed play to talk with his defensemen. Nothing Plante did deterred the Rangers though, and they played an even stronger game than they had the night before, winning 4-2. "How do you improve on perfec-

tion?" asked Derek Sanderson, who had jumped from the Bruins to the WHA and back again.

Worse yet for the Bruins, Esposito—hockey's highest scorer and a man thought to be indestructible after missing only six games in eight years—was in the hospital and finished until next season. New York Defenseman Ron Harris gave him a leg as he tried to burst through a crowd of Rangers, and Esposito crumpled to the ice holding his right knee. Thirty-six hours later he underwent surgery to repair a ligament.

"It doesn't look very good for us, does it?" Orr asked. No, it did not. Esposito sent his teammates a telegram: GOOD LUCK I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT DON'T FORGET TO COME SEE ME ESPO. Mere whistling in the dark, surely. With two consecutive games coming up in New York, the Rangers obviously were ready to obliterate the Bruins. Some New York fans, in fact, organized a pool on the exact minute the first defeated Bruin would shake hands with a victorious Ranger after the fourth game. "We have them where we've never had them before," the Rangers' Brad Park said. "Now we can't let them go."

In goal Saturday night the Bruins played Eddie Johnston, the man Plante had replaced. A poignant appearance it was, too, because Johnston suspects he

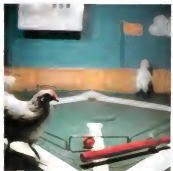
is the "player to be named later" by Boston to go to Toronto in the Plante deal. So Eddie was sulky, right? Mad at the world? Nope. Johnston was spectacular. Sanderson replaced Esposito at center and also combined with a marvelous Boston rookie, Greg Sheppard, to disrupt the Ranger power play that had produced four goals in the first two games. Sanderson won eight of nine face-offs in his own zone while killing four straight penalty minutes in the first period, and ultimately Sheppard scored two goals. So the Bruins, down two games to none on their own ice, won 4-2 in enemy country.

Now the Bruins had a chance to tie the series Sunday night and regain their home-ice advantage—or disadvantage, take your choice. New York was weakened by injuries to Hadfield, its top left wing, and Dale Rolfe, its steadiest defenseman. But by executing the Francis Plan to perfection once again the Rangers harassed the Bruins all night and skated off to a 4-0 victory. Eddie Johnston could have used a little help from his friends. For Giacomin it was his first shutout ever in Cup play. As the final minutes ticked away on the Garden clock, the bakony fanatics began to chant a tune not heard in New York since 1990. "Goodbye, Boston, we hate to see you go."

END



Boston superstar Phil Esposito is down and out of Cup play after suffering a knee injury.



ONCE A VALLEY OF VAPORS AND VICE

Hot Springs used to be downright sinful, but it made a clean break with the past, and now the town and track are thriving **by FRANK DEFORD**

SINCE '87 CHURCHES INVITE
YOU TO STAY AND WORSHIP
WITH US

WELCOME TO HOT SPRINGS
HOME OF THE MISS ARKANSAS
PAGEANT

HI! IF YOU LIVED IN GOMORRAH
YOU'D BE HOME NOW

Preposterous as it seems, one of these three signs is actually for real, upon a roadside. Hot Springs, Ark., whose residents used to boast at Jaycee meetings that theirs was "the sin city of the whole world," is so benign and pure now that the only place to get a bet down is at the racetrack, and if you go to the baths to get a massage, that is exactly what you get—a massage.

Sin is up and wagering is down all over America but in the once nefarious, wide-open Valley of the Vapors the fabled Southern Club casino has been turned into a museum, the L.Q. Zoo and the national stone-skipping championships are featured tourist excitements and at classy little Oaklawn Park, where the horses manage to race without benefit of exactas, quinellas, superfectas or any other mutual money business, the fans are arriving in droves and thrusting their money upon management—win, place and show, just like Grandpa used to do.

Last week it was Arkansas Derby time, the biggest occasion of the year in what used to be called the Paris of the Bible Belt. In old casino days the high rollers would *Supercat* in from all points of

the compass, and in some "muscle games"—head-to-head competitions—\$100,000 in dollar bills rested on the felt. Anything went. There was even a rooster test, the Pickin' Chicken, who for a reward would peck out race selections. By contrast, this Derby week the big winners were strictly legal: Oaklawn Park and a personable young steak-house mogul named Dan Lasater who is suddenly the leading horse owner in the country.

Oaklawn profits by being the only track within hundreds of miles and because it is the only gambling establishment left in a place that gamblers instinctively swim upstream to reach. Imagine, if you will, how much work Oral Roberts could get in Lourdes if the waters there ran dry. But since 36-year-old Charles Cella took over as president, Oaklawn has more than simply benefited from an overlay; its performance has stood a mixed-up, struggling industry on its ear. Five years ago the track's handle averaged around \$716,000 a day but this season it is up 91%, to \$1,370,000. Last week there were stakes run daily, with the \$50,000 Fantasy for 3-year-old fillies on Friday and the \$100,000 Derby for 3-year-old colts on Saturday. Every race on that card was longer than a mile, and despite dismal morning showers, a record 28,142 fans turned out with \$2.9 million burning through their pockets. Oaklawn has consistently outperformed the high-falutin' tracks, and there were many days during this meeting when its purses exceeded those of every track in the land. Several thousand horses bid for 1,400 stalls. "Oaklawn is harder to get into than Harvard," Cella beamed from his house at the eighth pole.

Across the track Dan Lasater squinted under the bill of his engineer cap into the rising sun. "There's not another track like this," he said. "It's funny how much

people will get hung up on little things and forget what's really important. Here they made it so the good horses want to come. Good horses and a nice place and good people to deal with. And the pots are right if you like to run horses. I love to run horses."

It was the morning before the Derby. Lasater was running two horses in the Derby and six other horses in six other races on the card. It is only his third year in racing on a large scale. He won \$335,000 in 1971, \$758,000 last year and going into last Saturday had earnings for 1973 of about \$430,000, which was more than anybody else in the country. He has just turned 30.

People often say that there are no more frontiers in America, certainly there are no more frontiers like the Alleghenies or the Great Divide or a big-money set-to at the Southern Club. But for sure there are still frontiers. Dan Lasater's was hamburgers. At 17, just out of high school in Sharpville, Ind., he got a job at 60¢ an hour sweeping floors at McDonald's over in Kokomo. Within five years he had his own operation going called the Ponderosa Steak Houses. There are now 265 of these, and the stock listed on the big board sells at \$55 a share. Dan Lasater has a nice chunk, although he has "retired" from the operations and to concentrate on Lasater Enterprises, which owns 75 horses, 1,300 head of cattle, four farms, some oil and other things. The oldest of his 50 employees is 43. Everybody calls the boss Dan.

He is a lean man who speaks wryly and gently; he wears his hair shoulder length, his clothes casual and his money well. He first got into racing with a cage school buddy named John Fernung, who is an altogether round fellow with a beard, moustache and hairu; so perfectly shaggy and trimmed that he appears absolutely symmetrical. Fernung introduced another young Hoosier, Dave Vance, to Lasater. Vance is the track-smart son of a trainer, a hefty chap who keeps a plug of Beechman in his cheek at all times. Vance also is one of the few people standing 6' 1" and weighing 260 who once was a jockey. He managed that by riding when he was 14; he won 40 races and was the second-leading rider at a meet in Las Vegas.

Lasater has given Vance full rein with his stock, just as he lets Fernung manage much of the rest of the operation.

continued

Big-ed, if not hashbub, ladies replace the cool chicks of the past. A hen pinch-hits for the rooster that once picked horses for gamblers. But a man with a big stake, Dan Lasater, intently watches the outcome of the Derby.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY EDGE

Vance has led in winners at four straight meetings all over the East, and this week the stable heads out to the West Coast to tackle Hollywood Park. Lasater refers to Vance and Fernung as "these boys," as in, "I saw what these boys could do with just a hundred thou, so I thought, if I gave these boys some real money, we could get rolling."

He also calls them "the brains." Predictably, as in, "a few people have been rattled by Lasater's determined, rampant success, but Cella offers the prevailing view: "Dan Lasater will someday be the dominant man in racing in this country and it will be the best thing that could happen to the sport."

"Look," Lasater says in his soft, measured way, "I've always liked horses, and I think you can make money out of them. What more can you ask than to make money out of something you have fun at? Now, to be honest with you, I can't think of anything I'd rather do than make money, and if there's one person in the world that likes to win more than me, it's Davey. Don't get mad at me if you're comin' in to race for fun, whistlin' *Druid*. If you lead that so-and-so out there against me, he better be able to run."

Lasater's horses in the Derby were Game Lad and Pleasure Castle, with the former being the main reason why the entry was a strong second choice in the 10-horse field, after Sheeky Greene. Game Lad, a Bold Lad colt, was in peak form and appeared capable of going the mile and an eighth. Could Sheeky Greene? Sheeky, who had won all four of his shorter starts this year, is what is known in racing parlance as an "invader," which is a melodramatic way of saying that he took a trip over from Florida. Braulio Baeza had come in from the Big Time to ride him. The third choice in the race was Warbucks, who had raced all season at Oaklawn under Don Combs, the trainer of the 1970 Kentucky Derby winner, Dust Commander. The week before, Warbucks had trounced another highly rated invader, Impecunious, who had won three stakes at 2 and had chased vainly and unluckily after Secretariat this year. Impecunious is owned by Mrs. Janice Feinberg, whose husband is an executive of the Zayre's discount stores in New England. The colt's trainer, George Handy, is of the opinion that "at this time Secretariat is the greatest horse ever."

Handy had brought his colt and Jockey Jorge Velasquez from New York and saw no reason why he could not win any 3-year-old race where Secretariat failed to exercise his franchise.

There are a bunch of pre-Kentucky Derbies all over the country, but this year none seemed to have as much gloss as a Secretariat workout. Certainly, though, the Arkansas Derby has become much more than just another rub-a-dub-dub \$100,000 cavalry charge. Cella is a fourth-generation racing entrepreneur, and his family has been associated with Oaklawn since it opened in 1904, but the Derby did not become a big six-figure item until two years ago, after Cella bought the track. He believes in pageantry and participation and that exotic wagering and extended racing dates dilute the best chance of the fan to have ongoing action. He is especially pleased that while Oaklawn has high per capita wagering, 27% of its take is in the show pool; a lot of people are staying alive and winning to make that figure (in contrast, it is 5% in New York).

"This is a privileged business," Cella says, "and you can't be greedy and misuse the privilege. The sharp pencil in the mutual department is not the answer to racing's problems." Bright paint, barbecues, lovely landscaping, corned beef, fresh oysters, Oaklawn burgers and a one-dollar admission are some of the things Cella offers instead of quinnells. Actually, the matter of admission is somewhat moot since it is an old Arkansas custom for everybody to get a free pass to the racetrack. This tradition goes back to the palmier days when most everything in Hot Springs was illegal and it was wise to give things away to anybody who asked for them over at the state capital in Little Rock.

Oh, that old Hot Springs. The Valley of the Vapors always was a congenial place, neutral ground even for warring Indian tribes, who would partake of the 47 thermal springs (143°, a million gallons a day) between fells in the fighting. In 1886 the Chicago White Stockings inaugurated the business of spring training here and soon other professionals encamped, providing services that Baptist preachers and law-enforcement officials could not endorse.

In the end the city gave up and started collecting boozing and gambling revenues, though both activities were illegal. Gambling remained pretty much a

local industry, though, and only one big-time hood came to stay and he turned respectable. Owney Madden settled down, married the postmaster's daughter and, so the story goes, played golf in a grille because his stomach had been shot up so many times that his insides might fall out if he strained too much with a long arm.

There is still plenty of golf and fine fishing in Hot Springs, although the appeal of the baths has been declining. After the late Governor Winthrop Rockefeller closed down the casinos for good in 1966, many citizens so feared Hot Springs would turn into a ghost town that they, like Secretates, decided to take a final bath before the poison. But the place turned around quickly. Population has grown, tourism is up almost 50%, and industrial jobs have increased fourfold. Bob Wheeler, an ebullient print-shop owner who has been cited as one of the top 25 businessmen in the state and who, by the way, is the national stone-skipping champion, says, "I fought hard to get legalized gambling but if the issue came up again I don't know if I'd go for it. The town is founded on something much more than bets now."

The biggest local operator ended up with the betting concession in Istanbul; any port in a storm. Most of the other businessmen have shifted their investments to mutual funds or lakefront real estate. Even the gambling museum—"the only one in the world"—folded. The Pickin' Chicken passed to his reward. There are a few topless joints with combos endlessly playing things like *Satin Doll*, but topless joints are now as ubiquitous in America as Ponderosa Steak Houses and just about as naughty. "You came too late," said the old fellow in the cooling-off room at The Maurice. "You didn't see Hot Springs."

"Arkansas is 10 years behind the rest of the nation," a native misses affectionately, but in fact everything looks the same there as in Orange County or on Long Island. The hair revolution and the clothes revolution and the topless revolution have claimed the land—the same flared pants and dry looks and nappies, coast to coast. Hot Springs was once a very special little town. Now it is just a very nice little town, but with a very special racetrack.

On the biggest day in Arkansas racing history (the mutual handle was a rec-

continued

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ord as well as the crowd), the skies lightened about the time that Lasater and his team started winning races. Of the seven they entered they were to win five, each one producing a larger collection of pretty girls in the victory photograph. "We have a lot of friends," Lasater explained. "The pictures make nice wallpaper," said the reticent Fernung. In the infield, past the dogwood, the barbecue pit started cooking up a storm. Cella, more confident than ever, had the message board declare, "Soon the sun's effulgent rays will stream through the thunderheads." Eventually they did. The track remained muddy, but all the riders testified before the big race that it had a good bottom. There were to be no excuses. And the best horse won easily.

Pleasure Castle broke on the lead, Shecky Greene on his flank, and Game Lad, Impecunious and Warbucks were in the next brigade ready to strike. Game Lad, stuck on the outside and acting tight, was not up to it. Warbucks, usually a most amiable beast, was uncommonly rank on the backstretch; his rider, Marty Freed, had to move him much sooner than he had planned. Pleasure Castle gave up as the field reached the quarter pole, Shecky, tiring and slipping a little, now bolted in a soft spot, lost his action and chucked it—4 to 5 and all.

Seconds before, George Handy had grimaced as Impecunious seemed to dally; the trainer also started to pray. He never had trained a \$100,000 winner. "Dear Lord," he said, "you get your 10", too." Well, as it turned out, Charles Cella was not the only one with an Arkansas pipeline to the Almighty. Velasquez, who had the horse running easy on the rail all the way, just chucked to Impecunious, banked off the rail and went by Warbucks as if he were Orphan Annie in blinkers. Even before Velasquez dismounted, Handy called to him, "You like him. You want to take him to Louisville?" Velasquez grinned that he did. The Panamanian jockey then hustled to make the plane back to New York.

He missed the last race at Oaklawn 1973—The Trail's End, a mile and three quarters, won by the last horse on the program at Oaklawn 1973, No. 14, P-ropo, owned by D. Lasater, operated by J. Fernung, trained by D. Vance. Secretariat does not have to worry about invaders, but Hollywood does. **END**



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SMALL DREAMS OF HITTING THE BIG TIME

The cars are pint-sized and the pace is exhausting, but midgets can move a man right up to Indy

by KIM CHAPIN

This is the way his day runs from one end to the other: Jimmy Caruthers rises at seven o'clock in his mobile home parked in Garden Grove, shaves, showers and drives to Los Angeles International Airport. He boards a plane to San Jose, meets his crew and goes to a nearby motel for breakfast. Then he changes into his driving suit and heads out to the San Jose Speedway to go racing.

Considering most midget auto tracks, the one-third-mile paved speedway is a pretty good setup. The old, wooden bleachers and the sheets of rusted, corrugated steel that cover the tunnels beneath the grandstands lend the place a certain air of benign decadence, and when the public-address announcer says, "There will be a drivers' meeting over by the big yellow tire at the start-finish line," it all seems to fit.

Hot Laps: the two feisty Team Caruthers midget race cars owned by Jimmy's father Doug are essentially unchanged from the week before when Caruthers and teammate Gary Bettenhausen finished one-two in a race at Roseville, Calif. Jimmy's car is wearing new trick tires with a special cantilever sidewall design. They were styled by Firestone to put more rubber on the road. And they do—the tires work fine, but the car's gear ratio is too low for this track. As a result, the engine overrevs and pops oil seals all over the place. Jimmy rolls back in; the gears are changed, the car's weight is jacked around and half a dozen other delicate touches are applied, the sort of adjustments that never appear in a garage mechanic's service manual.

Heat Race: midway, a bolt breaks—a gadget called the right rear torsion bar adjuster—and drops the chassis into the frame, flop. This, in turn, slams the right side of the car smack into the wooden guardrail. Even before the car stops, Caruthers assays the damage, which is considerable.

Midafternoon: the drag link—the thing that connects the steering wheel to the front wheels—is bent and Bettenhausen helpfully sets about straightening it with a few well-placed whacks



against a telephone pole. The tie rod also has been bent and is fixed the same way: whack! The wishbone radius rods on both sides are replaced. The front axle and frame are both cockeyed, but nothing can be done about them in time. The left front disc brake is wobbly. Time is crucial. At the last moment Jimmy gives the order to his crew, by now expanded to include a gaggle of friends, hangers-on and fellow competitors, "Take off the calipers and seal the brake line," Jimmy's father says. "Don't try to run if it feels wacky. It just ain't worth it."

Jimmy runs anyway and finishes third in the semi-main, beaten out for second on the last turn by Johnny Parsons Jr.

Main Event I: Caruthers starts seventh for the 100-lapper, Bettenhausen starts ninth. But now, with all the changes, Jimmy's car wants to turn about eight



CAREENING THROUGH DIRT-TRACK CORNERS TAUGHT HIM RACING. NOW JIMMY CARUTHERS FIGURES THAT HE IS READY TO ROLL ON

times a lap instead of two, and he can't gain on the leaders. On the 24th lap midget No. 159 blows an engine and locks up, rolling backward into the first turn. Car No. 97 climbs the front wheels of the crippled car and does what racers call an "endo," a spectacular, end-over-end crash. Caruthers—in the middle of it all—spins and ends up going backward as Car No. 78 climbs his front wheels and does an endo itself. Nobody is hurt, but the track is blocked and the race is red-flagged.

Main Event II: that cursed drag link on Caruthers' car is bent again and a replacement is cannibalized from Parsons' car, which had retired earlier. The air cleaner, also bent, is taken off. The left rear tire has blown out and so the left front is put on the left rear and a new tire is slapped on the left front—but it doesn't match the track Firestones. For one thing, the new tire has treads. On

the restart, Caruthers is 10th and still wormy; Bettenhausen is fourth. Forty laps later a valve lifter on Jimmy's car sticks and the engine blows and that does it. Bettenhausen, in the sister car, goes on to win.

Night: as the sun goes down, a penetrating chill settles over the track. Caruthers goes to the pay window and collects in small bills—nothing larger than a \$20—the \$875 Bettenhausen has won and the \$125 he has earned himself, half of which he will turn over to his father, the car owner. "Somebody ought to hang up a sign here: 'Midget Racing Is Dangerous to Your Wealth,'" he says. Back at the motel, Caruthers helps Bettenhausen celebrate his victory, then hops a late plane back to Los Angeles. "Midgets certainly keep you in shape," he says. "After a day like this, driving a championship car is a lot like getting into a rocking chair."

continued



Follow the midget cars long enough and one will meet just about everybody in USAC racing, big or small. For many racers the circuit is a way station, a career point hopefully lasting just a year or so, between obscurity and the big championship cars and the glories of Indianapolis. Indeed, the midget drivers are mainly a collection of relative youngsters who all believe in the dream of a ride at Indy, and thus the prevailing mood is one of optimism punctuated with high spirit. There is even a "We're all in this thing together" aura not unlike the Army.

The San Jose race was only the third of the current United States Auto Club midget season, and the atmosphere was relaxed, almost frivolous, despite Caruthers' misadventures. Come late spring, when the circuit moves to the dirt tracks of the Midwest and there are three, maybe four races a week, things will become more tense. The cars will be dirtier and more beat-up, and there will be less of the half-fellowship as broken machinery and the sleepless nights between racing dates take their toll.

Last summer one particularly mean

stretch took the circuit from Louisville to Hinsdale, Ill., to Springfield, Ill., to Independence, Iowa to East Moline, Ill.—in nine days. And two years before that—in 1970 when Jimmy Caruthers won his midget title—there was one week where three races were scheduled on consecutive nights. The first and third were in Santa Fe, Ill. and Sun Prairie, Wis., which was all right, but the one in between was at Ascot Park in Gardena, Calif. Caruthers and Dave Strickland were then locked in a tight battle for the driving championship, and at Santa Fe there was a lot of tactical bluffing going on.

"You going to Gardena?"

"Naaw, I don't think so. You?"

"Well, I won't if you won't."

And so matters stood, except that at the pay window at Santa Fe, Caruthers suddenly noticed that Strickland didn't seem to be around anymore. He muttered something suitable like, "Ohmy-god," picked up his helmet bag and beat Strickland to the same plane at the Chicago airport. "The trip out to California was a little embarrassing," Caruthers recalls.

For others, the midgets are a place to go when the big cars prove too much, and for the few whose reputations are secure, midget racing is just plain kicks—a respite from the tensions of the Championship Trail. Some years back those wealthy celebrities, Parnelli Jones and A. J. Foyt, tangled in a series of ferocious midget duels until they both decided things were getting a bit too serious and quit. Bettenhausen says, "I don't run midgets for the money now. I race them for the fun of it."

And Caruthers, shrugging his shoulders at his \$62.50 share of the San Jose payday, is not likely to run for the title again. "I've already won it once," he says. "I've gotten what I can out of the midgets." (Since 1948, when midget titles were first declared, only two champs, Sam Hanks and Bill Vukovich Sr., have gone on to win the Indianapolis 500.)

"You know what it is?" Bettenhausen continued. "It's a collection of local heroes. A guy goes to some track in his backyard and makes a name for himself and pretty soon he gets to thinking he's pretty good. 'O.K.," he says, "now I'm ready for the USAC midgets." So he joins the tour and pretty soon he finds out that everybody out there is a local hero. And pretty soon, too, unless

he's really good, he finds out he's just one of the guys."

At the moment Jimmy Caruthers is the first among equals in the midget ranks and wherever he goes the conversation centers around him. It is a role he relishes, being naturally gregarious.

Caruthers was the biggest kid in the seventh grade at 5'7" and 135 pounds; then he stopped growing, at least vertically, and now he is up to a solid 155 pounds or so and has trouble buying shirts because of his short arms and 17-inch neck. He is ill at ease in a suit, preferring jeans and a work shirt, and his shaggy, light-brown hair rumples around out of control. He looks older than his 28 years, and one imagines him 10 years from now with a strong, dissipated face not unlike that of Dylan Thomas, intelligent and too much aware.

Conversation with Caruthers turns easily to the subject of personal courage, as it often does with race drivers. Jimmy is assembling a hefty picture file of himself in various racing poses—a few of them on his head—often taken at tracks where there are only rickety wooden guardrails, or guardrails with open gates that are just perfect for hooking the gutsy little cars and sending them into violent flips, or in many cases no guardrails at all. Most of these tracks are sanctioned by a host of midget racing associations considered to be outlaw groups by USAC and thus banned to its drivers (but only if one has such prominence that his presence would attract undue attention). It is at these tracks that the most spectacular accidents take place, although they occur with maddening frequency on the USAC circuit as well. For some reason midget drivers are inordinately fond of recalling their absolute worst crashes. Jimmy's favorite is a 10-picture sequence of a rolling smashup at the Terre Haute (Ind.) Action Track in 1971. A friend wondered if his interest in such matters wasn't somewhat misdirected.

"Yeah, I agree," said Caruthers. "I don't know what it is. Maybe it's because we walk away from them. I'm never afraid when I'm driving, but sometimes if I'm waiting to go out in the car I think about what could happen, and if there's a long time between races I think most of us think about God. Or whatever."

If Caruthers has had a beer or three, he will pull from his wallet a small clip-



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Welcome home



ping of some remarks made by a minister after the 1964 Indianapolis 500 in which rookie Dave MacDonald and veteran Eddie Sachs were killed. It contains something about the nobility of dying doing what you want to do. "I don't know why I saved that at the time," he said, "but it came in handy a couple of years ago."

It used to be—and not so long ago—that the midgets knocked off four or five drivers a year with grim regularity, and even among today's drivers there is a large percentage of skin grafts, rebuilt faces and strange walks that are testament to what can happen. Jimmy has been fortunate. His worst injuries have been a collection of slight concussions, one cracked shoulder blade and a pair of broken legs suffered in a championship car crash last July. But even after that one, he was out of the hospital in one day and back in a race car within a month.

In the past two years, four USAC midget drivers of prominence have died. Bob Tattersall, a cantankerous colorful chauffeur of the old school, was a victim of cancer. Henry Pens was apparently murdered in his hometown of Joliet, Ill. Only two were killed in action. One was Danny Caruthers. Jimmy's kid brother.

Midget race cars have a wheelbase of between 66 and 76 inches; they cost around \$11,000, and they are probably the most durable, likable racing cars one can buy. They are usually powered by something called a Sesto, a \$3,500 item that is actually one half of a 302-cu-in. Chevrolet V-8 engine joined to the crankshaft from a four-cylinder Chevy II. Most midgets used to be powered by a small, unblown version of the Offenhauser Indy engine, but a formula worked out a few years ago by USAC now allows the Offy only 120 cu. in. of displacement and gives Sesto 145. Although the Offy is making a comeback, it is still a touch weaker than its stock-block competitor.

No one seems quite sure when the first midget was built, but they have changed outwardly very little since their heyday in the 1930s and 1940s. They were designed as cut-down versions of the solid-axle, front-engine goliaths that raced at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway and very little elsewhere because "elsewhere" usually meant a half mile or less dirt track that simply couldn't uni-

lize the tremendous power of the classic cars of those years. Even now many of the slippery dirt tracks that form the heart of the midget circuit can't take much more than 100 hp; more than that is excess and just doesn't reach the ground.

Still appearances are deceiving. While a majority of the cars still look like miniature roadsters, there have been many refinements over the years, both internal and external. The man responsible for more of them is a red-bearded former driver named Don Edmunds whose Anaheim shop, not far from the Caruthers garage and practically in the shadow of the Disneyland Matterhorn, is properly cluttered with historic chassis that date back to the Rex Mays era.

Since 1966 Edmunds has built nearly 150 midgets, and he was asked how many were still around. He seemed insulted by the question. "Why, all of them, somewhere," he said. "They're not Kleanex cars. These championship cars you build one race a couple of years and sell it for junk. Every midget car around has a history, that's the nice thing about them. They've been driven by good drivers, by bad drivers, by drivers who maybe aren't with us anymore, but they've all got a history."

About 60 of Edmunds' cars are in use on various parts of the current USAC circuit, and in 1970 Jimmy Caruthers got one—properly secondhand—and promptly won the championship with it. It was the high point of an oncoming racing career that had begun rather noisily 20 years before when Jimmy was all of five.

He remembers that his father put him in a race car (sort of—it was a tiny thing powered only by an electric motor) almost before he could read. His father, who, depending on the person and the circumstance is called Doug, Pops or the Old Man, is a wiry, compact Texan who grew up in Kansas and moved to California during World War II to work for Douglas Aircraft. After the war he got into the mobile-home business. On the side he was a part-time racer and a more serious car owner. In his backyard he built two concrete tracks, a one-tenth-mile asphalt oval and a one-twentieth-mile dirt oval, mainly for the kids. He exploited what became known as quarter-midgets—cut-down versions of the real things that were powered by lawnmower engines of 10-12 hp,

had a top speed of 40 mph and enjoyed a faddish notoriety in the early 1950s. Jimmy was seven the first time he got upside down in one of these cars. "I wasn't scared," he says. "My only fear was that I'd get in trouble for tearing up the car. That's pretty much my reaction now. Those quarter-midgets taught me a lot—how to start, how to pass, how to cheat. In the midgets all I had to do was get used to the speed. The techniques and strategies were all the same."

Race drivers were always popping in and out of the Caruthers household, and Jimmy Bryan even lived with the family for a time. "Bryan really liked kids," says Jimmy, "and I was the only one available at the time." Bryan was killed in 1960, and Caruthers' only child, who will be two this July, is named James Bryan Caruthers.

Despite the family background, Jimmy's parents were against any serious racing by their oldest son. Until he was 22, Jimmy raced cars of dubious heritage at outlaw tracks and lied about his age. Then, in early 1967, Bobby Unser wrecked a Doug Caruthers midget twice in one afternoon and Jimmy made his move on the Old Man. Doug relented. "If you fix the car and tell your mother you're racing, I'll let you run for me," he said.

Jimmy won the first time out in his father's car. He came home and dropped his prize money, all \$337 of it, on the table in front of his mother and said proudly, "Look at this."

Somewhat less than pleased, his mother dropped a letter on the table and said, "Look at this." It was his induction papers.

The Army trained Caruthers to be a radio technician, then made him a life-guard and an MP for most of his two-year hitch. He used his weekend leaves to go racing, and when he was mustered out in April 1969, he prepared to pick up where he had left off.

Except nothing happened. Caruthers started 24 midget races that year, did not win a single main event and brought in exactly \$3,524 in prize money. He spent that winter setting up trailer mounts for his father and contemplating an early retirement.

The following spring, however, the racing itch proved too great, and Jimmy picked up a year-old midget from an Illinois car owner—a car complete with a lucky Indian-head nickel screwed

continued



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SMALL DREAMS continued

to the dashboard. The year was a dream; he won the midget title in the very last race of the season.

Then it was Dunny's turn.

By all accounts Jimmy and Dunny, younger by five years, were as different as two brothers can be. At 5' 8" Dunny was only an inch taller than his older brother, but he had a slim build, straight almost sleek hair and a penchant for painting and good books. The few formal portraits of him could be right out of a Brooks Brothers advertisement.

"We were 180 degrees opposite," said Jimmy. "I love to fly, for instance [he has a commercial rating for both airplanes and helicopters], but the first time I took Dunny flying he threw up. Dunny didn't know how to handle the Old Man either. When the Old Man jumped on him he'd go to his room and paint or something. I tend to give it right back to him until it blows over. We would do anything for each other, but we were more like good friends, really, than like brothers."

Dunny's official rookie season in any kind of racing was 1971 (although he, like Jimmy before him had done a little outlaw running), and at the beginning of the year he said bluntly he was out to make a run for the USAC midget title. "I told him he was foolish to think he could win it the first time around," Jimmy said, "but he had no fear at all, no respect for cars or tracks. He had lightning reflexes and would go into a turn much deeper than he knew he could and still get around. He simply had the attitude, 'Well, I'll worry about that problem when I get there.'"

Dunny, the charger, and Jimmy, the more conservative of the two, battled for the point lead most of the year. By October, however, Dunny had the title all but locked up.

But tensions were developing. At a race in West Sacramento, Dunny told his brother, "I can't stand the Old Man anymore. What am I gonna do?"

"If you can't drive for him," said Jimmy, "quit and get a ride with someone else."

Dunny did. He picked up his racing uniform and adjoined to the grandstand on the spot.

Three weeks later, in another car, Dunny did clinch the championship and became the youngest driver as well as the first rookie in the history of USAC to

Continued

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win any of its driving titles. Eight days later he crashed on a half-mile dirt bullring at Corona, Calif.

"He was taking his practice laps," said Jimmy, "but I don't think he had any intention of cutting a hot one because the car wasn't handling too well. He hadn't even fastened his shoulder harness tightly. But apparently the car got to working because he finally let loose and on the first hot lap he slammed into the wall. I drove past and the first thing I noticed was a small fire under the car. I didn't think too much about it. I figured he had had an oil fire or something and had stopped the car himself. Then I saw he was slumped over."

Danny's throttle had stuck and his car hit the wall a tremendous blow. He was flung out the right side of the car and his head had slammed into the guardrail.

"I was really torn," said Jimmy. "I know it sounds corny, but I felt then if I didn't run the main event that afternoon I would never get in a car again. I wanted to win the race for Danny and I wanted to get to the hospital, and all the time I knew he was dead." Danny died of massive head injuries four days later.

And so Jimmy Caruthers is on his own, caught in that uneasy limbo between the midgets and the big cars of the Championship Trail, although of late he has put the little cars more and more behind him. In 1971 he made his debut in the Indianapolis-type machines and last year drove full time for Clint Brawner, the second most successful chief mechanic in USAC championship car history, whose last protégé was a young driver named Mario Andretti. This season Caruthers has both a new car, a Gurney-Offenhauser Eagle, and a new car owner, Bob Fletcher, a wealthy Phoenix tire dealer and contractor with whom Caruthers recently signed a three-year contract.

Caruthers is confident of his ability. "I think I should win the Indy 500 and the national driving title within the next three years," he says unpretentiously. At 28 he has plenty of time for both goals, and, importantly, there will always be the memory of his brother. "What Danny did was fantastic," Jimmy said. "I don't want people to forget him, and the more I do in racing, the more they'll remember."

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PAINTINGS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN

The towplane pulls them up (\$5.50 for the first 1,000 feet plus 20¢ per additional hundred) and then, blessedly, it goes away somewhere and they are alone, soaring in every sense of the word, wings flexing and spirits rising with the joy of getting around minus engine. The sailplanes here and on the next pages were gathered in Nevada to fly competition, but the special rewards of waiting along, win or lose, are described on page 55.

CONTINUED







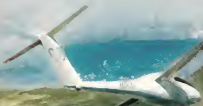
Sliding across the horizon and releasing its water ballast, the homecoming warplane at left creates a jet-control effect for earthbound spectators. In the staging area, meanwhile, pilots and crews work over such aptly named craft as the Nimbus II (right) or stand by for pickup of a Cirrus (below)—in all cases in flying's most relaxed setting.







Clipped to the towplane—and balanced by a fleet crewman—John D. Ryan rolls to takeoff, the moment at which his craft seems most fragile. Once airborne, as is the one below, sailplanes are in their element.



HIGH WITH A BIG WHITE BIRD

For some reason, possibly a soft spot in their stern makeup, hawks and eagles accept sailplanes. More than that, they often show a positive affection: they'll soar right along, bank by jowl, banking and swooping, veering up close to peer through the Plexiglas cockpit cover to stare into the eyes of this big white bird, the King Kong of all birds. "It is partly cause and effect," says sailplane pilot Jim George of Prescott, Ariz. "We both seek out the same thermals to ride, so we're often thrown together. Still, if given a chance an eagle or a hawk will come out to play. It will fly formation for a while, then wing over into a tight climbing turn. And then it will look down to see if the giant can make it. Oh, he made it! Next time, the bird will turn tighter and then hang off to one side, floating and thinking, 'Ah, ha. Clumsy, just as I figured!'"

Jim George is for the birds. Well, so is every sailplaner every chance he gets, and most of them regard the aerial companionship as a mystical communion, one of the bonuses of trundling through the sky unhampered by such things as cylinders and propellers.

Given this frame of mind—and anybody who flies around with hawks can be excused a bit of exaggeration—sailplane pilots claim their sport is not only man's highest calling but also one of the easiest to master. The average earthling is ready to solo after six or seven hours of dual instruction (one hour will do it if the student is already a pilot of power planes), and everything beyond that is on-the-job polishing of techniques. When in doubt, look for the birds. Well, most of the time.

"There are times when the birds come looking for you," says Robert A. Chase of Stockton, Calif. "The fact that an eagle can fly is no guarantee that it is bright, and when one or two of them see a sailplane in a lazy climb, they'll amble over and borrow your thermal."

For a sporting breed, sailplane pilots tend to be pretty introspective: like sailors, they stand around and sniff the air a lot, staring off into cloud formations. Only when collected in a group do they surrender to animation, describing their flights and landings and narrow escapes

with slashing swoops of their open hands. In that sense they are like a fraternity of perennial sophomores. The initiation rite is an off-field landing, one where the pilot has put the ship down expertly in a rural field surrounded by high-tension wires, circled with barbed-wire fences, studded with jagged stumps, and has stepped out unscratched. One oldtime pilot sees such adventure as a romantic version of the traveling salesman story: the ideal is to emerge from the plane to be greeted by the farmer's pliant daughter. But it never happens, he says.

Aside from that forlorn hope, the overriding kick in sailplaning is in getting up in it: alone at quiet altitude, boosted along by thermals and invisible waves, and knowing that only a clever glide is going to get you back to the airfield. Jim George, whose Swiss-built Diamant is pictured in the watercolor on page 51, soars some 300 hours a year, has been sailplaning since 1967 and is still hooked on the harmony with nature as though on each flight he were discovering it for the first time. "This is a very personal sport, like skiing," he says, "and there is nothing like flying over and around the mountains, the master of your ship, making it do what you want."

The average duffer can stay aloft for two hours, says George, and most pilots can squeeze four or five hours per flight on normal days. George and other veterans have flown for as long as nine hours at a stretch, sometimes covering a couple of states along the way.

"At first you start out flying around the flagpole," he says, "pretty much keeping the field in sight. And then, gradually, you stray further afield, extending yourself up to 400 miles or so, exploring the country, flying with the birds and looking around."

Does a sailplane require constant care and feeding? "Listen," says George, "there are times when you are in such complete harmony with nature, sitting there under that glass-topped dash in the sunshine, warm and tanned and happy, that you have to fight to keep yourself from dozing off, there are times when the flying can be euphoric."

Chase agrees. "My Nimbus II climbs well in weak lift," he says, "and I can

keep it aloft for five or six hours at a time." Slicing in over the Mojave Desert out of Los Angeles, Chase will look for dust devils kicked up by the wind, pull his ship into a tight turn and ride them up for several hundred feet, then get off "surrounded by a nice creaking quiet and away from all distractions."

But while the lonely joys of sailplaning are one thing, they inevitably lead to competition, partly because all good flyers like to show their stuff and partly because, as George puts it, "in flying right altitude and distance problems, you get rehooked on your sport."

The illustrations on the foregoing pages came from last season's national soaring championships, a surprisingly casual affair staged out of Minden, Nev.; a sunny valley down the road a piece from Reno and Carson City, where there are sweeping sage vistas and shadowy mountains on all sides, as though the backdrop had been designed by some master sailplaner. Through it all the Nevadans remained as unshakable as ever, aware that there were a lot of strange dudes in town in flying coveralls and crushed golf hats—and a lot of funny white planes passing quietly overhead—but unconcerned that the valley was for a few days the country's focal point of a unique brand of sporting joy.

On a particularly hot midday one of the natives rolled down the road to the old cracked blacktop airstrip and stood with one foot up on the running board of his pickup truck, squinting out from beneath the rim of his hat at the covey of airplanes circling against the shoulder of the nearby mountain. An earnest sailplaner was explaining it to him.

"There's an updraft over there against that mountain," the flyer said, "and the sailplane gets in it, see, and climbs up and up. And if you'll look closely over there, you'll see that some hawks are mixed in with the planes, riding up on the same thermal. Yes, sir, those guys fly right with the birds."

The rancher nodded, then turned his head and spat thoughtfully. "Goin' up with the birds, huh," he said. "Well, I always figured them rascal birds had to be good for something."

—BOB OTTUM

FOR EACH A PLACE IN THE SUN

Nudists disport themselves in many fashions, from bareback riding to Alpine skiing to free-form volleyball. And sometimes, in a naked reverse, they watch fully clothed games **by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

The Nudist Olympics were beginning, and Nada O'Connell, in a sundress, led the way across Olive Dell Ranch's dusty, boulder-strewn grounds. "These Olympics aren't any big deal," she remarked. "The important thing is that the kids enjoy them." Then she confronted a question that begged to be asked: Why was she, Nada O'Connell, publicity director of one of the nation's largest nudist clubs, wearing clothes?

The answer was circuitous. "Nudism is changing," Mrs. O'Connell said. "Some clubs, especially in the Midwest, are more conservative, but at Olive Dell we feel that the freedom to go nude is no longer a freedom if it is imposed on you. We feel it is O.K. to wear clothes for reasons of health or comfort." She motioned toward an oppressive sun that made it seem later in the year than Easter weekend and later in the day than 10 a.m. "I'm a fair person. I can't take too much sun. I burn like crazy."

Mrs. O'Connell descended a path into one of the many canyons that cause this parched and scrubby landscape east of Los Angeles to be called the California Badlands. The hillside had been bulldozed to make room for a track that looped not quite perfectly around a patchy infield. Starting lines had been drawn on the dirt and some two dozen youngsters milled about, kicking up clouds of chalk. Aged 6 to 12, they were naked save for shoes, which varied from sneakers on the boys to patent leather flats on a couple of the girls.

"They have their track events and their

swimming, and the winner of each event gets a blue ribbon," said Mrs. O'Connell. "But there's something else this year. The kid who wins the most blue ribbons gets a \$50 Savings Bond as grand prize. How about that?"

A smattering of spectators, mostly parents of competitors, occupied rows of faded bleachers set amphitheater-style on the hillside. To judge from their lack of attire, all enjoyed greater tolerance for the sun than Nada O'Connell. They came in every size and shape: some as straight as the bamboo that swayed in the faint morning breeze, others as fully contoured as the surrounding hills, still others gnarled like the olive trees that seemed to grow everywhere, giving Olive Dell its name.

In the middle of the children stood 17-year-old David Manning, the lean and thoroughly tanned son of Olive Dell's owner. Manning's starter's pistol had jammed. He labored over it for several moments before concluding bleakly, "Well, it just doesn't work." Some of the children wandered into the bleachers to join their parents. The scene was disintegrating, like a village picnic menaced by tornadoes. Then, just in time, a solution was found. Somebody produced a whistle. Manning, dressed in just the whistle, signaled for the Nudist Olympics to begin.

The International Olympic Committee would be horrified by the \$50 first prize, to say nothing of Olive Dell's concept of a nude Games. Yet athletes in the an-



cient Olympics always competed naked, and the Hellenic tradition of clothesless sport is reflected in the word *gymnasium*, which is derived from *gymnos*, Greek for nude.

The only traces of nudity left in sport are in our figures of speech. Nowadays we talk of naked reverses or faking an opponent out of one or another item of apparel. Marathon swimmers sometimes dispense with bathing suits to prevent chafing, but skinny dipping at the swimming hole or neighborhood YMCA is on the wane, with pollution to blame on the one hand and coed swimming programs on the other. Nor is it necessar-

ily a hopeful sign that Dawn Fraser, the former Australian champion, has suggested that competitive swimmers might perform better without suits. "I've swum in the altogether several times, and it's always given me a terrific sense of relaxation and freedom," Fraser writes in her autobiography *Below the Surface*. "A nude Olympics would provide an imaginative return to the days of the ancient Games and would certainly lead to a rewriting of the swim record book."

The assumption that nudity increases speed is unproven, and it may even be that lightweight suits, by streamlining

the body and eliminating loose ends, actually help performance. A stronger case for nude sport is the sense of freedom or the esthetic argument, the idea that insofar as sport is a celebration of the physical, it scarcely makes sense to conceal that which is celebrated.

For sport truly in the raw it is necessary to look to the 100,000 social nudists in the U.S., followers of a movement that took root in Germany early in this century based largely on physical culture. Pioneer nudists gathered in the woods for morning calisthenics, placed faith in the curative powers of the sun and abstained from meat and

continued





tobacco. In the U.S. nudist clubs were once a target of harassment, but today, with the human body generously displayed on film and even Main Street, what once was so scandalous has come to seem quaint, if not dull.

The change in attitude has had a mixed effect. The American Sunbathing Association, by far the biggest nudist organization, says that nudism is growing by 10% a year but admits that the growth is unstable, with many people joining out of curiosity and then quitting when that curiosity is satisfied. Nor was business stimulated by the ASA's approach to public relations which, on occasion, seemed borrowed from those other sun worshipers, the Hopis, who have been known to smash the cameras of tourists photographing tribal sun dances.

The ASA has had a recent change of heart and now speaks grandly of competing for "the recreation dollar." It has taken to distributing booklets that breezily seek to allay many fears about nudism ("perhaps you have a surgical scar . . .") and has begun running "Dare to go Bare" ads in magazines. As part of this same campaign the organization quit its headquarters in Mays Landing, N.J. and moved to Orlando, Fla., a city frankly selected because it was to be the home of Disney World.

"We knew that Disney World would be drawing 10 million people a year," explains Ralph Catano, the ASA's amiable administrative assistant. "We hoped that a lot of them would stop by our of-

fices and get interested in nudism." The idea that nudism and Walt Disney might appeal to the same audience is not all that farfetched. Nudists tend to be middle-aged and Middle-American people who place a premium on wholesomeness, family and fresh air.

But Orlando has been a disappointment. Although Catano and his secretaries have remained clothed, their knot-tied offices, located on a busy street between a driving school and the Florida Chiropractic Association, for a time were subjected to numerous "inspections" by police, fire and health officials. The harassment suggests that acceptance is still to be won in full in central Florida. As for the expected flood of tourists, local billboard companies refuse to carry ASA ads, and few even know the ASA is there. Catano, reflecting on the move to Orlando, says with brave humor, "We overlooked the fact that Disney made his money by putting pants on Mickey Mouse."

The ASA also has faced opposition within its own ranks. Some members regard the recent promotional campaign as too little and too late. The detractors include Olive Dell Owner Reg Manning, who last year withdrew from the ASA and helped found the rival United Leisure Foundation. The growing ULF, with 34 clubs (vs. the ASA's 130), offers group health insurance, tours to the West Indies and a monthly newspaper *Bare in Mind*. Puns on that order are usual in nudism. There is a Florida club

called Bareskin Lodge and a road sign at a club in Minnesota reads CAUTION: BARES CROSSING. And bear tattoos on buttocks are not unknown.

But the sense of change at Olive Dell goes beyond the creation of the ULF. "We're trying to get away from the idea that nudism is a cult," explains Hal O'Neill, a former ASA president who has transferred his allegiance to the new group. "That's why we now say 'nudist club' or 'nudist park' instead of 'nudist colony.' We are interested in the broad social aspects of nudism rather than in the physical aspects. We like to think that the absence of clothes makes us friendlier and more open, and that we're not so interested in how much money the next fellow has. We think we communicate better with one another."

But progress at Olive Dell, as in nudism generally, is slow. Manning vows to spruce up his club's facilities, but the place could still pass for a campground. There are a few scattered cabins for those who make their homes at the club, but most members show up only on weekends, pitching tents or staying in campers. Either way, Reg Manning searches for gimmicks that will keep customers interested. It was in such a quest for activities that he founded the Nudist Olympics in 1963. The Games were for adults and drew competitors from nudist clubs throughout the West. The track was laid out and bleachers installed, and some years crowds of 500 turned out to cheer the athletes who competed in events ranging from the triple jump to the "marathon," the latter judiciously mapped out to minimize the chances of runners straying beyond Olive Dell's borders. Then interest declined. By 1970 the number of entries had dwindled to 15, and Manning scrapped the Nudist Olympics, leaving only the children's version over Easter weekend.

But most of the adults who showed up at Olive Dell at Easter time seemed happy just to sunbathe. While the Nudist Olympics took place out of view, large numbers of people, their motionless bodies undorned by so much as a fig leaf, sprawled at all angles on the terrace in front of Olive Dell's clubhouse. A few yards away was a steamy, glass-enclosed pool, a facility uncluttered by the need for cabanas. There was also a concrete block restaurant known as Cafe Sans Culottes. Inside, some played cent-a-point pinocle. Others ate hamburgers



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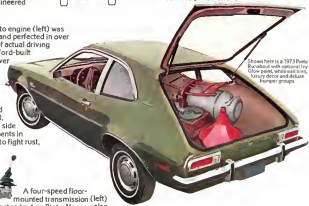
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and groped with the dilemma of where to place their napkins. Nobody had to worry about where to stash money. The cafe grants credit, a policy proclaimed by a sign on the wall: ONLY KANGAROO HAVE FOX KETS. YOU DON'T NEED TO BE A KANGAROO.

There were special events scheduled on this particular weekend besides the Olympics: an Easter-egg hunt, an Easter parade (the men cheered and whistled approval while the women modeled outlandish flower-bedecked bonnets) and a religious service. The Rev. LaRue Watson, a retired minister, conducted prayers standing on a hilltop with a commanding view of abrupt canyons for miles around. Mr. Watson, a spindly little octogenarian, wore only a green eyeshade.

Though Olive Dell's clientele no longer seems very athletically inspired, nudism has not altogether lost its old concern with physical culture. For example, nude skiing is popular in the Bavarian Alps, and Godiva-style horseback riding—the people are bareback—is featured at Colorado's Mountain Air Ranch. And everywhere, even at Olive Dell, there is volleyball. This sport originally found favor among nudists because it required no facilities other than a ball and a net strung between trees and because it accommodated players of different levels of skill at the same time. Today nudism is probably second only to the beaches of Southern California in developing fine volleyball players. Some have gone on to make All-Service teams, and two nudist clubs, the Running Bures of Burlington, Wis., and Fort Lauderdale's Seminole Health Club, compete fully clothed in AAU matches. The caliber of nudist volleyball is highest in Florida. Many of the state's AAU teams have nudists in their lineups, one competitor is the player-coach of the University of Florida club.

A vigorous sport of this kind raises the question of whether nudists should wear supporting garments. Though doctors consider it wise, nudists seem to feel that the human body is sufficiently well constructed to protect itself.

It was the moment at the Nudist Olympics for the 100-yard dash for 10- and 11-year-old girls. Three naked figures were at the starting line, poised to run. The absence of clothing, not to mention numbered uniforms, posed a problem of iden-

tification. The girls at the starting line made one year even for the small considerations found in school-yard basketball, where players at least divide themselves into shirts and skirts.

It was necessary to look instead for distinguishing characteristics. For example, Verda, on the inside, wore red fingernail polish and pigtail. Gale, in the middle, wore hair clips and sneakers decorated with smiley faces. Laurie, on the outside, would run with brown hair flowing. The whistle sounded and the field was away, the girls' rib cages

instructed to put on clothes, and the flowing of jeans and T-shirts created a surreal scene: a nude audience watching clothed performers.

On Sunday afternoon an awards ceremony was held. The holiday weekend was almost over, and a swarm of people, many of them dressed to go home, gathered to applaud the children. Absent was Nada O'Connell, who was in a nearby office phoning results to local newspapers as casually as if she were reporting homemakers' awards instead.

As readers of the San Bernardino Sas-



straining against flesh and veils of dust forming behind them. One figure moved swiftly ahead. No flashes of nail polish, no hair clips, no smiley faces. This could be only Laurie. Even before she reached the finish she smiled triumphantly.

Later Laurie Brenner reflected on the pleasures of nude sport. Tomboyishly pretty, brown-eyed and bronzed and about to be a woman, she said, "I like the feeling of the air on me. You don't have to worry about clothes sticking to you or ripping."

Laurie also won the 25- and 50-yard dashes and might have dominated the Games but for Alfred Neubauer, who excelled in swimming and other skills, including the high jump. To avoid injuries in the high-jump pit, which consisted of a crossbar and two uprights embedded in auto tires, the children were

Telegram have already been informed, Laurie Brenner and Alfred Neubauer, with six blue ribbons each, split the \$50. The prize was donated by United Leisure Foundation, which could scarcely have anticipated the use to which Laurie, for one, intended to put the money.

"I think I'll spend it on clothes," she said, discussing her windfall on the pool deck. "On some mini-dresses. I need them for school."

"You could use sandals, too," added her mother, who had joined her.

Laurie nodded gravely. "I know, and I need some shorts and pants." Perhaps they were too absorbed to appreciate the irony, but as mother and daughter, both nude, stood there assessing the wardrobe needs of the co-champion of the Nudist Olympics, neither so much as cracked a smile. **END**



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Skiing's show-business circuit closed with the star too tired to face the rigors of another season. And when the act opens next year, the incomparable Karl! just might take over center stage from Jean-Claude Killy

It was a cold day in November when Jean-Claude Killy, creaky and unsure of himself after almost five years of retirement, posed at the top of a snowy slope in Aspen, Colo. and thought, "Well, here we go again." Since then, ski racing's pro tour has bounced along through a season of relative excitement and perpetual suspense and last week came home to Aspen to wind up its fourth and most significant year of dual course, head-to-head competition. And if Killy finally did, indeed get going again, it wasn't the exuberant runaway everybody had predicted for the old Olympic champ.

Wary and hinting at a second retirement at 29, Killy arrived in Aspen last week ahead on points in his quest for the Benson & Hedges Grand Prix individual championship and the \$40,000

bonus that goes with it. It should have been easy. Really nothing more to it than going through the motions. Then Thriller Theater of the Rockies began. In Scene One on Friday, Killy crashed into a gate during his very first heat of the giant slalom and was out of the race. In Scene Two, archival Spider Sabich, with a chance to gain, fell victim to a 50-mph crash instead. He was not only out of the giant slalom but the subsequent Saturday slalom and possibly a lot of this summer as well. Scene Three was the inspired effort by a lanky Austrian, 25-year-old Harald Stuefer, to overtake Killy for the individual trophy—and then a sudden blizzard swamped the area, postponing the whole show.

Meanwhile, lurking in the wings was the handsomely dour figure of Austrian Skimester Karl Schranz, who was try-

ing to decide whether at 34 he is ready to join all this mad action.

The drama finally ended on Sunday when Killy, assembling one last burst of energy, won the slalom and with it the season.

If his triumph seemed certain, one other thing also is certain: Killy's presence this winter had brought glamour and competitive spice—even a hopeful future—to a circuit that for two years had been dominated entirely by California's Sabich and populated by a bunch of unknown retirees. The reckless and ebullient Sabich, a bachelor of 27 who flies his own plane and drives souped-up sports cars, who dances on tabletops and attracts beautiful women, has become an exciting ski personality himself. But on the slopes Sabich had left in his frosty wake a pro pack consisting mainly of nameless and forgotten (if talented) Europeans and just plain nameless Americans. It was great for Spider, who earned \$22,500 in prize money, but was it good for the Grand Prix?

This was the setting when Killy—catching everybody but his business agent by surprise—showed up for the start of the 1972-73 season. Burning desire for competition may have been one reason he was there, but a more important one was probably economic. Not the pro prize pot, which totals a mere \$22,500 a week, but a return to the kind of visibility that had attracted so many profitable sponsor tie-ins and business contracts following his sweep of three gold medals at the 1968 Winter Olympics in Grenoble.

In his first four races Killy showed occasional flashes of the old strength and style but won nothing. Then the tour took a five-week break, and when it re-convened in January it quickly became apparent that babyface Jean-Claude had turned into a tiger. He had returned to Geneva and skied himself back into physical trim and competitive sharpness. At



READY TO RETIRE AS CHAMP, KILLY PAINTED A PRETTY PRO PICTURE FOR SCHRANZ

continued



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Mt. Snow in Vermont, Killy won the first day's giant slalom, beating Sabich en route and thrashing Australian Malcolm Milne in the final—and has been winning regularly ever since. Until last Sunday's windup, Killy had not reached any finals of the slalom but he won six of the 12 giant-slam events.

"The real story is Killy's total commitment to this gamble," says Ian Todd, a dark-haired young Englishman who has been handling skiing affairs for agent Mark McCormack. "He has worked at it unbelievably hard. Instead of resting somewhere pleasant, he goes early in the week to even the dreariest spots on the tour to practice on the course."

"It has not been much fun," agrees Killy, who also has remained somewhat aloof from the rest of the tour group of over 70 skiers. "I've stayed here in the U.S. the whole time, moving from hotel to hotel."

The season has not been much fun for Spider Sabich either, though he blames himself rather than Killy. "Heck, I've been happy to have him on the tour because his presence helps us all," says Spider, who is not shy about admitting he has beaten Killy in three of their five meetings. "As amateurs we all used to look upon him as something in another world we could never reach. But no longer. He's five years older now. Maybe he's lost a little quickness. What I've lost this year is consistency. I started slowly, finally got myself together and went ahead in the point totals. Then I got bored, and since then it's been a real struggle to get back."

The struggle centered on Killy. Sabich and Stuefer all year long. Stuefer is 6' 3", with a shaggy tangle of light-brown hair and a seakle for a nose. He won three giant slaloms, one slalom and \$45,575 this year, and fellow Europeans watching Stuefer's progress in the States must assume that the pro tour is an easy plum to pick. In his six years on the Austrian national team, Stuefer never rose above mediocrity. He finally had to give up even his best event, the downhill, because a slight malformation of the hip sockets made it impossible for him to hold a tuck position. Two years ago Hugo Nandl, a fellow Austrian who had been sweeping up most of the crumbs that Sabich had left for the others, persuaded Stuefer to come on over and try

the Grand Prix, where there is no downhill to tuck for.

"This has been tough," says Stuefer. "I guess two more years will be about enough. When you win, it means eight or 10 fast races in a single afternoon. You get tired and it is hard to concentrate. That's why a lot of good amateurs can't do it. They are used to making only one or two long runs."

Stuefer thinks that the unusual man-to-man, side-by-side pro format might even wear Europeans away from the lone man-against-the-mountain theme upon which the amateur circuit rests. "The Europeans would love this," he claims. "I bet it could be done."

In fact McCormack made just such a bet. Last year he sent Ian Todd to Europe to put together a pro team competition called the Eight Nations Cup. "We spent a tremendous amount of time and money on the project and the FIS [International Ski Federation] approved it," says Todd. "Then Austria and France said no and shot it down."

Now Todd and McCormack are sending up another trial balloon. "It's still in the talking stage, but we are thinking about purely professional downhill races that would take place during the break in the schedule here and would not conflict with this tour at all," says Todd. "We wouldn't have to depend on any of the U.S. pros because none of them are competitive in the downhill. We'd have Killy, of course, and Karl Schranz, maybe some of the other top Europeans. The trouble is that when anyone starts to do something with professional racing in Europe he's going to get into a real dogfight with the FIS."

Pro tour promoter Bob Beattie is skeptical because it might involve a dogfight with his own Grand Prix. "What gap in the schedule is he talking about?" Beattie asked. "We're not going to have any gap in the schedule."

Europe, too, is skeptical. Most skiing observers abroad believe it would be too costly to lure the well-paid top amateurs into the pro ranks. Besides, the average European ski racing fan, many claim, rates pro skiing right up there with a carnival freak show.

All of which prompts a knowing smile from Schranz, who last year was declared to be a paid performer by Avery Brundage and his Olympic committee—

but who returned home from Sapporo to a tumultuous welcome usually reserved for national heroes. Schranz thinks pro racing in Europe would not only be a brilliant success but is a desperate necessity as well. One evening last week Schranz, whose future also is managed by McCormack, leaned against a nightclub bar and sipped a Jack Daniel's on the rocks tomlu. he claimed, to get a preliminary taste of what life in America might be like). He had just finished a lively dinner with Killy and had apparently been convinced that riches were to be earned in pro racing just by stepping onto his skis. He was in an affable and instructive mood, even to the point of allowing casual acquaintances to thump his rock-hard midsection.

"A pro tour could work well in Europe once Europeans are educated to the fact that the pros are really good," said Schranz. "I'll be meeting with Marc Hodler of the FIS later this month and will try to convince him that this is something the FIS must support. Besides, it's essential in order to keep sking alive."

What Schranz saw in Aspen last weekend was exciting enough to send him

continued



ONE CHANCE LEFT—AND STUEFER LOST IT

off to Hedler in a persuasive frame of mind. Killy's lead over Sabich for the title had been 30 points, quite an edge since only 25 points are awarded to the winner of each race, 20 to the runner-up, 15 for third, 10 for fourth and on down to five for the eight losers in the opening round. Thus, in the unlikely instance that Sabich might win both final races, Killy needed only to average two fourth-place finishes to clinch at least a tie for his title and that \$40,000 check.

Then came the first round of the giant slalom. Leading Otto Tschudi in the first heat, Killy soared over a bump and made a rare error. He misjudged the line, crashed into the next gate and was disqualified. Poof! Killy was out.

Sabich scooted eagerly into the opportunity Killy had opened and reached the semifinals. But there, hurtling over the second jump at high speed, Spider caught his arm on a gate, somersaulted onto the back of his neck in an explosion of snow and skis and fractured

a vertebra in his back. He struggled up but was too stunned to walk and was led away, destined for the local hospital and at least six weeks of inactivity.

With both Killy and Sabich snuffed out, Stuefer sailed smoothly through to the finals where he easily outraced Nindl in both heats, earning \$2,500 and his 25 points. He then stood only 13 points behind Killy for the season. "Yes, my chances are good," he said after the race, "but I am not exactly confident. Jean-Claude is probably just a little bit mad and intends to be very fast in the slalom tomorrow."

Tomorrow was delayed for a day by the sudden blizzard but Sunday came up sunny, and the racers assembled for the finale. For all the chattering, it was a touch anticlimactic: Stuefer's last chance vanished when he lost to Tyler Palmer. Off to one side, Killy raised his arms, grinned that "I can relax now," and went on to victory.

The pro racing season is over but the

suspense lingers on Will Karl Schranz, the great downhill specialist, join the tour as he indicates he will? And will he do well if he does join? More vitally, will Killy soon confirm the rumors of his retirement, in spite of winning a grand total of \$68,625 this season?

"Oh, he'll be back," said Stuefer, who doesn't really know. "Racing is the thing he loves best."

"We'd like him to come back," said Ian Todd, "but what we say has about a 5% effect on his decisions. No one knows what he's been through to win this year. He won't stay on."

Jean-Claude, of course, had the final word, such as it was. "I had been getting stronger and stronger each week, but now I'm just so tired," he said. He indicated he would think it over for a couple of months. "This has been the toughest, most exhausting season of racing I've ever been through. If you ask me now whether or not I'll retire, I'd have to say yes, I'll never come back." **END**

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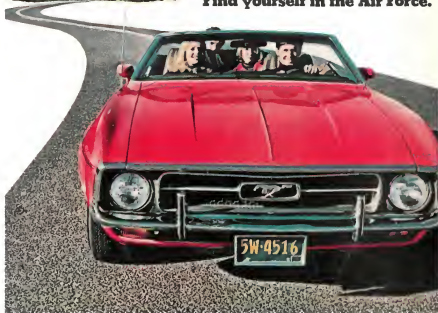
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Rodney David Rullman's room in the Zeta Psi house at the University of Virginia seems standard in all respects: unmade bunk beds, a cluttered desk, clothes strewn about and piled high on the floor of the closet. But hiding behind the curtains at the front window is a curious artifact. It is a statue of the head of a lacrosse player set in a heavy marble base and, although it says so nowhere on the award, it was presented to Rullman three weeks ago when the Cavaliers' star goalie unanimously was voted the most valuable player in the Hero's Invitational Lacrosse Tournament in Baltimore.

"I've got it there so no one will see it and steal it," Rullman says with characteristic disregard for the hallowed honor code of Thomas Jefferson's university. Moments later, however, while locking his door, he admits, "I get a lot of grief about that thing."

Notoriety can indeed be a harden to a 19-year-old sophomore, particularly one as outwardly unassuming as Rullman. Brief mention in one national magazine last spring was sufficient fuel for his fraternity brothers. They delight in embarrassing Rullman every time he enters a room by proclaiming in stentorian tones, "I'm Roddy Rullman." Not even offering up his lacrosse stick for the late-night rat kills in the basement of Zeta Psi can redeem him. How distressing then that Virginia's surprising victory in the Hero's tournament, which sent the Cavaliers into second place in the national rankings, has been attributed largely to goaltending. How exasperating that Virginia's chance of repeating its national champion appears to rest largely with its 5' 9" left-handed goaltender.

But if self-confidence is not allowed to blossom in the social world of Zeta Psi, it is carefully cultivated on the lacrosse field. "A goalie has to have self-confidence bordering on cockiness," says senior Attackman Tom Duquette. "If you're gonna get in there and let balls be thrown at you, you gotta be confident that you can stop them."

Confidence grows as slowly in lacrosse goalies as it does elsewhere in life, yet no one at Virginia hesitates to pinpoint the moment when Roddy Rullman got CONFIDENCE.

Virginia opened the 1972 season as



Virginia's Cavaliers, last year's national champions, could win again, mostly because of the spectacular reflexes of their sophomore goalie

Hot Roddy in the nets

the favorite for the NCAA title, but the team developed an apparent Achilles' heel in its two freshman goalies, Rullman and Scott Howe, whom Coach Glenn Thiel alternated with little success. The Cavaliers dropped all three of their divisional games—to Johns Hopkins, Navy and Maryland—and reached the final game of the regular season against Washington and Lee needing a victory to win an at-large bid to the NCAA tournament. That day Thiel handed the starting job to Rullman.

Early in the second half W&L opened a 7-3 lead and moved in for the kill

Three times in a five-second span the Generals fired point-blank shots at Rullman. The first two he blocked, the third he held onto. "Otherwise we'd have been there all day," he says, smiling now at the memory of his ordeal. He quickly cleared that save to put sudden life into Virginia, and the Cavaliers called for a 10-9 victory.

"I've watched a lot of goalies," says senior Defenseman Bruce Mangels, "but that sequence was incredible. He's the quickest person I ever saw."

Underdog Virginia drew Army in the first round of the NCAA's and routed

continued

the Cadets 10-3. Rullman shut them out for the final 29 minutes, and in the midst of that stretch Cavalier Defenseman Boo Smith was shocked to hear him taunting an Army midfielder. "Shoot, you sucker," he yelled," says Smith, "and the guy got so irritated he did shoot. Roddy nonchalantly saved it and ran out of the crease laughing."

With Rullman in the goal, the Cavaliers went on to win the NCAA tournament, taking the title game from Hopkins 13-12. This year, despite losing the majority of their offense, they have opened with six straight victories, following the Hero's tournament with easy wins at Towson State and Duke. Since Rullman gained a starting role, the Cavaliers have won 10 straight.

"I was really disappointed in myself early last year," Rullman says now. "I was getting bombed. If you let it get to you, you might as well get out of the net. You have two choices. You can walk in the locker room and say, 'Bad day.' Or you can mull it over. Last year I did a lot of mulling."

Thiel understands the problem. "A goalie needs special treatment," he says. "He's the last line of defense. Last year Roddy relied too heavily on his reflexes. Positioning is still the weakest part of his game, but he moves so quickly that he can compensate. And last year he didn't run the clears the way he does now. He's really directing the defense for us."

Roddy's father, who never played the game but has watched it a lot, spotted his son's potential for the position early. "Roddy had real quick hands as a little boy," Charles Rullman said after the Towson State game. "He was a catcher in baseball and right from the start he never blinked. He was as much at home behind the plate as he was in the living room. That's when I began to think he might make a good goalie."

Most lacrosse players show understandable reluctance to play in the goal. The fact that a lacrosse ball is made of rubber is no solace to anyone who has ever been hit by one. As Mangels puts it, "If I played there, I'd have bruises all over my back. Goalties are sick." Rullman broke an eardrum blocking a shot with the side of his head in high school and in the Hero's tournament saved a 100-mph bad-bounce scoring attempt by getting his face in front of it. (An of-

ficial had to call time and pry the ball out of his mask with his stick.)

In lacrosse the goalie operates in a theater-in-the-round. The playing field extends 15 yards beyond the goal, and the least defensible scoring shot in the game comes from an opponent cutting right in front of the goal mouth and taking a feed from the area behind the goal. Since defenses are usually man-for-man, the goalie must keep constant watch on the ball while shouting its location to teammates who anticipate their men setting picks and breaking for the goal. "Roddy has a lousy Long Island accent that we kid him about," says Mangels, "but I love to hear it during a game."

Once a save is made, the goalie becomes an offensive player, since the clear that he initiates is supposed to move the ball to the far end of the field. Against Maryland in the finals of the Hero's tournament, Roddy made 22 saves, 10 of them in the fourth quarter, and Virginia successfully cleared the ball 20 of 29 times. On one clearing attempt, however, Roddy dashed all the way to midfield where he got himself trapped and suffered a blow to the back that was still bothering him the following week at Towson State. One of these days, Roddy says, he is going to go all the way downhill and score a goal.

Roddy admits that he did not actively lobby for the job as goaltender. "I got sorta suckered into it. My brother [Charles, a second-team All-America midfielder at Virginia in 1970] used to practice shooting at me when I was a kid. Then he told the junior high school coach that's the position I wanted to play. I never said that."

But he played goalie anyhow—well enough to make All-America at Garden City High School on Long Island. "Goals scored on him were like a personal affront," remembers his high school coach, Julio Silvestri. "In one losing game in his senior year he got so uptight that he came out of the cage with his stick flailing." Here he might have done well to pay heed for a change to Thomas Jefferson, who said, "When angry, count ten . . . ; if very angry, an hundred." But alas, as anyone within hearing range of a Virginia game can attest, he lives instead by the words of Mark Twain: "When angry, count four; when very angry, swear."

"He's a real competitor," says Du-

quette. "Like at paddle ball. He suggested we play once and all the week before he was trying to psych me up. He wanted to give me points or play a test game to see if I really wanted to take him on, you know, so I wouldn't have to hurt my pride if he was too good. Anyhow I took him easily. But as far as he's concerned, I never beat him, not at anything. He just let himself be beaten, that's all. So I still have to put up with his grief. He says I'm lucky and it won't happen again. I guess goalies have to be that way."

Rullman is going to have to stop almost everything if Virginia wants to repeat as national champion. Graduation cost the Cavalier offense 122 goals and 87 assists from last season's totals of 213 and 145, and this season several other clubs boast excellent goalies, including No. 1-ranked Johns Hopkins, whose Les Matthews was last year's All-America. Bill O'Donnell of Maryland, Mike Emmerich of Cornell, Peter Grahm of Cortland State, Skeet Chadwick of W&L, Robert Bryan of Rutgers and Joe Zaffuto of Hofstra are all superior performers.

"A lot of people have already taken the pressure of defending our title off us," says Duquette. "They say that even though we won it last year, we graduated all those guys and there's no way we can do it again. People really don't know what we have here."

What they have is Rullman and some fine players who trust him. As Smith says, "I go after attackmen now when they step back to feed, knowing that if I'm over-aggressive and lose my man Roddy will be there."

Roddy Rullman, in short, is the anchor for his team, no mean feat under Thiel's relaxed rule at Virginia where the Cavaliers are their own people. "We have no strict training rules," says Rullman. "There's nothing rigid about the coach. He tells us, 'It's up to you—you know what we're shooting for.' Some of the coaches around this place are really strict. You'd think you're playing for ROTC or something."

Most days Roddy is one of the last to leave the locker room after practice. The excuse is always the same: a game of soap hockey in the shower with Boo Smith. And who won the last contest? "I did," says Smith. "Of course Roddy says he did, but he didn't."

END

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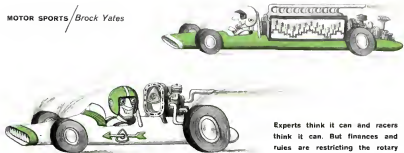
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Experts think it can and racers think it can. But finances and rules are restricting the rotary

The new little engine that couldn't

Call it anything you want: a Wankel, a rotary, a rotating combustion engine or simply an R.C., but the trendy types in the automobile business will tell you that this tiny package is the power plant of tomorrow. They are probably right. Because of its outsized ratio of power to size, the Wankel's future seems bright, especially in the face of increasing government regulations concerning exhaust emissions. The new engine's vest-pocket dimensions permit manufacturers to bolt on all sorts of plumbing to purify the exhaust while keeping the basic unit small, light, uncomplicated and reasonably priced. Now that General Motors has given the Wankel its seal of approval by indicating that some versions of its Vega subcompact will be sold with rotary engines as early as Spring 1974, there is little question that automobiles of every size and nationality will be humming along under "R.C. Power" by the end of the decade.

Well then, if the Wankel is so much in the vanguard of automotive engineering, there must be fleets of rotary-powered racing cars being readied for competition. Surely, half the Grand Prix and Indianapolis cars will be propelled by Wankels in a few years. After all, the doyens of the sport like to describe themselves as being in the vanguard of automotive technology, and it stands to reason that if the Wankel is in fact a device to "improve the breed," the racers will soon have it on the tracks.

That is not the case. For 1973 at least, the Eagles, the McLaren Ferraris, BRMs, Lolas, Porsches, etc. must make

do with old-fashioned, embarrassingly conventional reciprocating engines thumping away in their innards. It is not that the racers shun the Wankel, but their problem is twofold: first, present regulations governing the displacement classification remove much of the new engine's advantages, and, second, it would be astronomically expensive to develop a racing Wankel without the aid of an automobile manufacturer.

Because the Wankel is such a departure from normal automotive engines, an ongoing argument has developed over how to determine its displacement or "size," and as long as the dispute is unresolved, few people will experiment with the power plant in big-time competition. Establishing the size of a normal reciprocating engine is easy. The swept volume of one combustion chamber is calculated ("swept volume" being the space available for the fuel mixture before combustion; generally speaking, the more space, the more fuel and the more power produced), then multiplied by the number of cylinders in the engine. But the Wankel engine is a combination of fiendish complication and simplicity. While it has only three moving parts, its creator, Dr. Felix Wankel, a brilliant German inventor, labored from 1926 to 1956 before he could produce a practical working model. His basic design involves—and here's where it gets tricky—a triangular rotor spinning eccentrically on a horizontal axis inside a sort of pinch-waisted oval shape called an epitrochoid.

Now that you have a perfectly clear

vision of how a Wankel operates, suffice it to say that the dispute in racing centers on how many combustion chambers the engine actually utilizes. Those who would like to see it in competition maintain that its displacement should be measured exactly like any other internal combustion engine. But the Wankel is so efficient that this manner of calculation would make a one-liter version as powerful as a two-liter engine of normal configuration. Therefore it is possible that if the Wankel's displacement were determined the way its supporters desire, a three-liter Wankel for Grand Prix racing might pump out 800-900 hp, while a conventional engine of equivalent size would be straining to produce 475 hp. Such an advantage would make every present racing engine obsolete in a matter of hours and add to the crisis of escalating costs that already grips the sport.

Racing bosses like the FIA, the international ruling body, and USAC, the domestic organization that sets the regulations for Indianapolis, etc., have said the Wankel's displacement will be measured on the basis of twice the volume of one working chamber. In other words, the Wankel has been handicapped to equalize its power output with that of a regular engine. While this removes its advantage and might be viewed as rank obstructionism in the face of engineering brilliance, it does maintain a certain economic stability.

The second problem involves those rascally epitrochoids. Hardly anybody can pronounce epitrochoid much less make one of them. Casting and carving

continued

an epitrochoid out of metal requires scarce and sophisticated machine tools plus an expensive license that has to be bought from the consortium that owns world rights to the engine, namely Dr. Wankel's firm, Audi-NSU (a Volkswagen subsidiary), and Curtiss-Wright. In other words, one doesn't create a small firm such as Cosworth, Meyer-Drake (the producers of the famed Offenhauser) or Ferrari and begin cranking out Wankel racing engines. Nor can production-type Wankels easily be modified for competition, in spite of the fact that the Japanese-built Mazda RX-2 and RX-3s—two compacts with decidedly big-boy performance—are taking the nation by storm (100,000 projected sales in 1973), making a quantity of Wankels available for conversion to racing engines.

Jim Mederer, the proprietor of Racing Beat, a tiny shop in Anaheim, Calif., is a pioneer in the area, but his success has been limited to the building of several engines for Midwestern midget rac-

ers, a few small California road-racing machines and a Mazda of his own. But Mederer sees no real future for rotary engines in major league racing until a factory gets involved.

C. R. (Dick) Brown, the boss of Mazda Motors of America, acknowledges the value of motor racing as a sales-promotion tool but gives it a low priority at the present time. "We're simply too busy establishing a strong dealer network in the United States to become involved in a racing effort," he says.

"The Can-Am rules, which have no displacement limit, would be perfect for rotary engines," says Mederer. "If 'pan-caking' or 'stacking' three or four of the engines together, you could make a power plant producing over 1,000 hp that wouldn't be much larger than a suitcase. But again, such an engine would have to be designed and developed by a large factory. It's simply beyond the technical capacity of a small, independent operator."

The German firm of Mercedes-Benz,

long famed for its leadership in automotive development, has such engines housed in a stable of sleek prototype grand touring coupes that have never been sold to the public. These so-called C-111 machines were introduced in 1969-70 and carried a variety of three- and four-rotor rotary engines. They were reputed to have top speeds approaching 200 mph and prompted rumors that Mercedes-Benz might enter lightweight racing versions in the big international endurance races at Le Mans or Daytona. But the C-111s have never run on other than selected test tracks in Germany, and no one outside the tight-knitted Mercedes-Benz hierarchy has a clear picture of why the cars were built in the first place. As for creating a rotary engine for use in such ultra-ecotic races as Indianapolis or Formula 1, Rudolph Uhlenhaut, the now-retired chief engineer of the firm, is said to have told insiders of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway Establishment that perhaps three years and \$5 million would be necessary to de-

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velop a winning rotary-engine car for the annual 500-mile race.

One man has made some noises about the rotary engine on the domestic racing scene, but his present situation is unclear. Andy Granatelli, the engine-addictive tycoon and incomparable promoter, has made periodic and veiled reference to his firm's supersecret development of a Wankel engine for Indianapolis, but very little is known of the project.

Andy isn't talking, although he has understood the potential of the power plant for some time. In 1968 he approached Curtiss-Wright with a proposal to purchase four specially built, 240-cu-in., four-rotor racing Wankels for Indianapolis. Thanks to a loophole in the rules (since closed), Wankels of this type could have produced over 800 hp fueled by alcohol-methanol blends. Granatelli's plan was conceived to encase his fabulous turbine cars, but something went awry. "Curtiss-Wright dropped the ball," says a former employee. "Some-

body at the top couldn't see the value of such a program, and the whole thing fell into a crack somewhere along the line." Had Granatelli been able to appear at the 1969 Indianapolis 500 with a Wankel-powered car, he might have advanced public awareness of the new power plant much faster than can be imagined.

"Aside from occasional rumors that float around about Granatelli's project, we hear very little conversation about the rotary engine," says United States Auto Club official Dick Kang, a man deeply involved in affairs at Indy. "The present rules make it difficult to gain a clean-cut advantage with the engine and that makes the risks of development very high indeed."

There is one corporation that has the money, the technical capability and perhaps the motivation to field a Wankel engine in racing. That is General Motors—and most particularly its Chevrolet division, which has given massive *subsidary* support to racing despite corporate

antitrust policies. The Can-Am, with its liberal rules, would seem an ideal place for Chevrolet to step in. The GM urge to develop a Can-Am power plant also might have been stimulated by the results of the 1972 season—a season that witnessed the end of the six-year domination of the series by Chevrolet-powered cars at the hands of the turbocharged Porsches of George Follmer, Mark Donohue and Roger Penske. But the Chevrolet engineering staff seems too involved in making the rotary suitable for domestic-car use to spend time and money on racing. "I went to Chevrolet and asked them to develop a four-rotor Can-Am engine, but they just weren't interested," says Bobby Rinzier, a friendly Georgia millionaire who sponsors a frontline Can-Am team. "I know the engine would be a world-beater, but without the big boys to help, the thing isn't even worth thinking about."

This year Rinzier will field two Porsches for the Can-Am. Like the others, they will carry reciprocating engines. **END**

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They call me Mouth," he said. "I never shut up. I'm a speech major and I'm interested in interpersonal communications." There were also the Simler, the Myrste and Birdman and his Gliders, and they were at the University of Oregon in Eugene for the NCAA gymnastic championships where it was all a bit much, the most much, some said, in the 36 years of the event.

Talkative Marshall Avenue of Penn State, smiling John Crosby of Southern Connecticut State and Stanford's Steve Hug, who was forever plugging into hidden outlets of energy, were 1972 Olympians and old adversaries in the sport's most demanding discipline, the all-around. And flying through his routines like one of your feathered friends was Jim Stephenson, captain of an Iowa State team that at times seemed easily as interested in stalling its balsa wood gliders as it was in gaining its second title in three years.

Before the Thursday and Friday all-around began—contestants compete in all six events, free exercise, horizontal bar, parallel bars, rings, side horse and vaulting—Avenner admitted that he had a problem. "My verbal repertoire can be cutting and I'm probably hated by a lot of people," he said. Where he was most hated was at the Olympic training camp at West Point and at Munich. He threw tantrums and insults in liberal doses at his teammates for not performing well and for marching abominably in the rehearsal parade, and at team Coach Abie Grossfeld of Southern Connecticut for not finding the finances to house Avenner and his wife Judi. They had married during the third day of camp.

"The camp lasted 6½ weeks and Judi had to drive 17 miles each day to a beach to sell beer to support us," Avenner said. "I did try," said Grossfeld, "but getting married then wasn't right. Avenner's behavior took away from the spirit of the team." At least, it took away the smile from Crosby's face. Lipped once too often, Crosby raised a fist and planted it in Avenner's eye.

Penn State Coach Gene Wettstone has had his own troubles with Avenner over the past four years—"I've put up with a lot of his mouth," Wettstone said—but, being a gymnast, too, he was able to bend far enough backward not to squelch his star. "Avenner is our team captain and we've given him more power than ever because we felt he could con-

vey his winning technique and get the state to perform their best," Wettstone said Thursday. "Anyway," he added, "Avenner's learning to be more tolerant." "I've tried to improve," Avenner said. "People don't realize I'm the one who suffers most. As a kid I was starved for attention so I got into gymnastics. Before one meet in high school I waited during warmups until the crowd was watching me, then took off for the mat, tripped on the edge of it, broke my toe and fell on my face. My coach told me that as far as modesty went I could do nothing but improve."

Hug is as quiet as Avenner is verbose. He left his hometown of Northridge, Calif. to spend his senior high school year at an American school in Tokyo and study gymnastics at Nihon University. Sitting on a chair with his legs folded under him in a motel room in Eugene, he said, "Going to Japan was important. I learned to relax, how to make it free and easy. Most American gymnasts are too tense."

Aloof and given to blank stares, Hug goes through long periods of meditation and introspection and has an almost transcendental feel for life. These were always part of his personality, he insisted, and not something he learned at the feet of Buddha or in a Zen garden. But they do have a way of putting off people, including Avenner, who said, "We're at opposite ends of the spectrum. I think he's very intelligent and I respect him, but we're different people."

There was almost nothing different about the two in competition. Avenner scored well on Friday afternoon despite missing a double backflip in free exercise and slipping a hand in his high

bar routine. After the second miss he slumped to a nearby mat and moaned, "So close, so close."

On Friday night it was Hug's turn. He needed 55 of a possible 60 points to win. There to watch was Avenner, chattering all the time. "I have such a conflict of emotions," he said. "If Hug falls and I win because of it, we'll both feel bad." Hug did miscue on the side horse, but he finished strongly, causing Avenner to say, "What a recovery, what concentration. I hate to say it, but he's a better gymnast."

Swinging smoothly and easily and perhaps drawing energy from the crowd, Hug came up with superb performances on the parallel and high bars, and Avenner was even more of a Hug fan. "Look at him," he said. "He's an arrow. What a competitor."

Keeping score, Avenner figured that Hug would need a 9.25 in the last event—vaulting—to beat him by five-hundredths of a point. "This is agonizing," he said. "I don't know if I can afford to win. If I do, I'll have to call Judi, and the way I talk, I'll go broke."

Vaulting is the only event in which second tries are allowed. Hug opted for his after a poor vault and Avenner said, "Imagine, my college career comes down to one last try, and there's nothing I can do about it." Hug sped down the runway, hit the takeoff board and left it all up to the judges.

Avenner was out of his seat and on the floor scanning the scores: 9.2 the judges decided: a tie. Avenner scurried across the floor and in a second was in— you guessed it—hug with his old foe. It was the first tie since 1940 in the NCAA all-around and it meant that Hug would have a chance next year to become only the second person to win three NCAA championships. Joe Galloimbarolo of Illinois in 1938-40 was the first.

"I'm glad neither of us lost," said Hug.

"I couldn't be happier," said Avenner.

After the twins had met—and tied—Iowa State wrapped up the whole happy proceedings with a 2,125-point win over Penn State. Saturday night the awards were presented. The big one, given annually to the senior who displays the best combination of scholarship, gymnastics and sportsmanship, went to Crosby, who had finished fifth in the all-around. Cheer up, America. Smiles won the whole thing after all.

END



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**STARCRAFT**

The more you live with it, the more you appreciate it.

For several years Union Camp Corporation, a cluster of forest-based industries, had been debating what to do with 49,000 acres it owned in the Dismal Swamp of Virginia. Sell the land to developers? Build a jetport on it? A racetrack? Drain it for farming? The decision finally came this year, and it was a shocker: Union Camp plans to give the land away, a gift valued at \$12.6 million.

Included in the package, which has conservationists bubbling, are a 3,000-acre lake; a vast wilderness of maple, gum, juniper, pine and cypress; a dense bird population, and enough deer to feed the appetites of 19 different hunting clubs. There is also a water-filled ditch that George Washington dug in the 1700s.

This sumptuous piece of real estate will go to The Nature Conservancy, a nonprofit organization whose function is described by its name and whose president, Dr. Everett M. Woodman, calls the gift "the largest and most significant we have ever received. It marks the first of what we . . . hope will be a continuing program to preserve significant areas of the Dismal." The Conservancy will in turn convey the land to the U.S. Department of the Interior, where it will be placed under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife and operated as a wildlife refuge.

Long before the nation existed people were picking away at the Dismal Swamp, and Washington was not the first man who thought he could make some money out of it. William Byrd II, founder of Richmond, detested the Dismal Swamp but still slogged around the edges with visions of a canal running through it between Albemarle Sound and Chesapeake Bay. (Wrote Byrd: "Never was Rum found more necessary than in this Dirty Place.") For years Byrd was credited with having named the swamp, though evidence exists that someone else had had the same impression of the area before Byrd's party surveyed it in 1728. Since then it has been dredged, logged, drained, burned, cleared, hunted and probably mined until the present 250,000 acres constitute only a third of its original size.

A more agreeable place would have vanished long ago under vacation homes and barbecue grills, but the Dismal Swamp has given up ground so grudgingly that the 20th century has been slow

G. Washington dug here

And now The Nature Conservancy, with 49,000 acres given by a visionary corporation, digs in to save Virginia's famed Dismal Swamp



YOUNG WASHINGTON AT LAKE DRUMMOND

reaching its vitals. While the gift amounts to only about 20% of the total acreage, it ensures the protection of the swamp's heartland, namely Lake Drummond and the forest around it. Getting control of the lake was essential if the swamp was to survive.

Union Camp, which has tremendous land holdings in the Southeast, has owned the Dismal Swamp tract since 1909 and carried on regular logging operations there until the mid-1940s. Since then there has been no significant cutting, either because the operation became too expensive, or because other tracts in the company's 1.7 million acres were easier to log.

The Conservancy is a highly regarded organization. To date it has had a hand in saving 374,576 acres of forests, marshes, prairies, mountains and beaches, and according to one of its spokesmen, Pat Noonan, it and Union Camp came together as the result of a "mutual happening."

"We've been interested in the Dismal Swamp for a long time now, and when Union Camp was looking around for alternate uses of its holdings there, one

of which was preservation, our name got into the discussion. We are not strangers to this kind of thing. We've been involved with Georgia-Pacific and a number of other corporations, trying to show how preservation is often a very beneficial route for them to follow. There was also the fact that other conservation groups who were interested in the swamp wanted us to buy the Union Camp property, and we couldn't afford it. We didn't have \$12.6 million.

"Other corporations own sizable chunks of the swamp, but on the basis of some ownership maps that we had drawn it was obvious that the key to preservation was Union Camp, since it controlled more of the land than anybody else did and, more important, owned Lake Drummond. If we approached any of the other corporate owners and were successful in getting them to donate some of their land, we were afraid such a move might take the edge off any public acclaim that might come to Union Camp.

"In any kind of transaction with industry, three elements are necessary. One, you have to have sympathetic listeners, and we found those at Union

continued

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Camp Secondly—and this is the one that takes the most time—you have to be able to demonstrate with figures how conservation can be economically advantageous. In Union Camp's case, it had some land bought from Washington's old company for very little money. Thirdly, there has to be some good will in the offing for the corporation as a result of what it does. Fortunately, I don't suppose there is another swamp in this country as widely known as the Dismal Swamp. Everybody is going to single Union Camp out as one of its saviors. And of course they will be right.

"When a corporation makes a gift of land, it wants to make sure that the end result turns out to bear some resemblance to the original intent. That's why Union Camp worked through us on this. It wants the land preserved as a wildlife refuge, and that's what is going to happen."

In addition to public good will, Union Camp will receive a deduction of \$12.6 million, the appraised value of its gift,

from taxable earnings over a period of years.

When the land changes hands, the deed terms will require that "the ecological system of the swamp be preserved" under guidelines of the National Wildlife Refuge Administration Act of 1966. One of the men charged with seeing that this is done, Lynn A. Greenwalt, chief of the Division of Wildlife Refuges, calls the Union Camp gift "an exciting eleventh hour surprise" and says that although the pristine nature of the swamp was destroyed in the 1700s, the Government's goal will be "preservation of whatever natural swamp characteristics remain."

Public access via old canals or logging roads will be rigidly controlled, and hunting clubs will lose their leases. Under the wildlife refuge law any activity not specifically authorized is automatically prohibited.

"We don't intend to have the place loved to death," Greenwalt says, "but we are not going to discourage use un-

less the public poses a threat to what we are trying to protect." He plans to encourage scientific study of the virgin timber. Paved roads will be avoided like the plague.

Should the Interior Department erect a sign at the entrance to the Dismal Swamp National Wildlife Refuge, it might read something like this:

"Here lies a piece of the continent that has been saved. Perhaps it is not in the same condition as when the Indians lived around and in it, but there is still much to feast the eye on. Note the cypress, the black gum, the Atlantic white cedar, the oaks, ashes, maples, elms and loblolly pines. Note the switch cane, the greenberries and swamp blackberries. Note the white-tailed deer, the black bear, the bobcats and river otters; the wood ducks, pileated woodpeckers and warblers."

And, it might add, think of George Washington and hope that he would approve of this final disposition of the land he once owned.

END

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The filter-tipped little cigar.

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TRUFFLES AND FLOURISHES ON THE TARN

Amazed with the size and taste of the trout from the Urryburn Tarn, the Duke of Devonshire and his party, on their way to the lake, found the trout to be the best they had ever tasted. The trout was so good that the Duke of Devonshire and his party, on their way to the lake, found the trout to be the best they had ever tasted.

by CLIVE GAMMON



Williamson

The brown, hairy forearm of M. Louis Bugarel cast an imaginary lure with an imaginary rod at the far bank of the Tarn, where a heavy glide of water slid along a cliff still pearly with the morning rain.

"Cloc!" explained M. Bugarel, "tic . . . tic . . . tic . . . Bop!" He no longer held the phantom rod. Now his arm was a well-hooked two-pounder, leaping just once before hanging toward some dangerous midstream rocks.

"Don't try to horse him!" I shouted, entering into the spirit of things, forgetting momentarily that we were conversing in Angler's International, that curious language of gesture and onomatopoeia. We had no alternative, as bad as my French was, Louis' English was worse, consisting of the single word Glasgow accompanied by signs and eye-rollings indicating improbable quantities of drink and women. The mystery was eventually explained by the multilingual wine waiter at the *Château de la Caze* where Louis was janitor and I was a guest. He'd had a few days ashore in the gray Scottish city before sailing in a

French destroyer to the Norwegian Campaign of 1940. The five years in a German POW camp that followed must have added a touch of bright pink to his memories of that last shore leave. Glasgow shimmered as romantically for Louis as Peeping or Samaritand.

Other differences of culture held us apart also at the beginning. As every Anglo-Saxon knows, thigh waders for trout fishing are green, a tasteful, diabolical green. When I first met Louis he was rolling along in this unspeakable shiny pair, the color of milk chocolate, and I knew I could have nothing in common with this evidently nomadic fisherman, though I was glad enough to see him since I was dripping wet, chattering with cold and in deep need of being instantly guided to a large copac.

That was because I had just emerged from the Tarn, a beautiful, spiteful, glacial trout river in southern France that falls steeply from the mountains of the Massif Central in the department of *Lorraine* and dashes through wild gorges before it levels off and joins the *Garonne*. The water is green glass broadening out

into wide riffles with deep runs under the bank that you instantly recognize as perfect wet-fly water.

I had come across such a run on the afternoon I arrived at the *château* and I couldn't wait to put a team of flies across it. I waded in calf deep at first, covering the near water in case the trout were lying in the rough shallows, but I hurried over that section, certain that most of the fish would be lying beneath the deeply undercut far bank. As I waded further, the pull of the stream got heavier but I could see that for 20 yards ahead there was no great depth.

I was quite wrong. The Tarn is treacherously clear. The water was deeper than it looked and, snow-fed from high altitude, its power increased with every inch of depth. As soon as it was over my knees I knew I had to turn back and that it was also necessary to turn upstream. I had waded bad rivers before, notably the *Wye* in Wales with its rock gutters, but I had always had a steel-tipped wading staff. I hadn't thought it necessary to bring a staff to the Tarn.

The water took me when I was halfway around and swept me very quickly into the deep run I had been trying to reach. Then I was merrily away downstream in deep, icy water, my boots full and holding me down. For the record, I did not see my past life unroll before me. Outraged disbelief, as if a total stranger had shouldered me to the ground in the street, was my first reaction. But a calmer part of my mind recalled clearly what I had once read in a book on Scottish salmon fishing. If you are swept away by the river, the author said, don't try to swim ashore, just concentrate on keeping upright by dog-paddling. Fast, rocky rivers being what they are, you will keep going in spite of your boots and eventually you will be cast up on a pebble bank or a shallow shore.

He was entirely right about going along with the river, but the haven I found was a willow bough that I grabbed in one of my brief shoreward excursions. For a short time I streized out from



M. Bugarel nets salmon: the principal ingredient for catching early-season trout on the Tarn.

it, gathering strength, then I got a better grip, hauled myself some way along it until I could grab some bank. It was a little longer before I could drag my great dropical boots up on the grass and lie there panting, having traveled roughly 300 yards, an alltime record, I would bet, for boatless navigation of the Tarn. I was also reddest, the delicate little Hardy Ricciardi split cane having disappeared in the early stages.

I emptied my boots, then my canvas fishing bag (I had wondered what was dragging me back as my boots tried to drag me under) and squashed back to the château, in the gardens of which I first made the acquaintance of M. Bugarel in his unsuitable boots. He was sniggering, too, and holding a spinning rod. Only a man in boots like those, I remember thinking, would have the lack of taste to throw hardware across a perfect fly river like the Tarn. Our relationship might have deteriorated further had he not replaced his grin with a sympathetic "tsk, tsk" and escorted me to the bar for immediate treatment. As the cognac lit its small fires through my body I recalled what a similarly saturated Irishman had said to me as he drained his flask on the banks of the Bandon, "Inside and out," I told the uncomprehending Louis, "I'm as wet as a trout."

A fine beginning, and nearly a quick ending to the long, devious journey that had brought me to the Tarn, one that had begun in the elegant tackle shop of Hardy Brothers in Pall Mall, London, very handy for the club members of St. James—the kind of shop where you can arrive only by taxi. By a stroke of luck, the manager, Mr. Lee, was free, having just dealt, so he said, with the needs of the Duke of Devonshire. "The Tarn," I said, ignoring his name-dropping, "in southern France. Suitable flies and tackle."

Mr. Lee came back fighting. "The French folio," he ordered, snapping his fingers. A young assistant shimmered away and returned with a leather-bound volume. It proved to contain letters from

continued

The Château de la Caze, a 15th-century castle, perches with absurd romanticism above the river.



several generations of Hardy customers recounting their findings in France. Astonishingly, though, not one of them seemed to have fished the Tarn. The chalk streams of Normandy, certainly. The fast rivers of the Pyrénées and the Savoy Alps, by all means. Also the southern lakes. But not a word of the Tarn.

This did not faze Mr. Lee. When in doubt, apply general principles. Dry flies, wet flies and nymphs for all seasons built up on the counter. "You'll need a fast-sinking line for the mountain torrents, sir," said Mr. Lee and immediately an assistant was tying 100 yards of backing on a No. 6 sinker. I seemed to have a new rod also and a lightweight landing net. Drifts of leaders accumulated. With a pair of studded waders over my arm I found myself out on the sidewalk. Game, set and match to Mr. Lee.

In Paris the equivalent of Hardy's is St. Hubert. Surprisingly, there also the Tarn was a mystery, but a gentleman with a thin mustache whom I would have matched against Mr. Lee any day



continued

was able to suggest some fly patterns that would undoubtedly meet my needs. I left with these and a superb fishing vest with 12 pockets finished in kid leather, without which I could not possibly manage. (For sportsmen who might fish the Tarn in future, I feel I should point out here that I was eventually able to purchase the correct Tarn patterns in the post office at Sie-Enimie on the banks of the river. But don't expect any style.)

There were further delays. Heading south on the Autoroute, it seemed a sin and a shame not to break the journey at Vienne, not far from Lyons, for a visit to La Pyramide, one of only 16 restaurants in France considered worthy of three rosettes in the *Guide Michelin*. Unhappily there was no possibility of a reservation until lunch next day. But such experiences come rarely. I

decided to wait, booking a room at Valence nearby.

That meant killing an evening somehow, and Valence seemed to have few resources until I saw a neon sign in the main street. LE PUB TWICKENHAM it said. I should have remembered that south of Lyons is one of the great strongholds of rugby football in France. In the provincial glumness of Valence that sign beckoned like a harbor light. Twickenham is the big rugby stadium in London where international games are played. Undoubtedly, this was where the fans gathered and I was entirely right. Inside, any space left over from framed team photographs was hung with international rugby shirts. The blue, with thistle, of Scotland; the red, with ostrich feathers, of Wales; the white, with red rose, of England; the Irish shirt with a shamrock; the South African with a springbok; the New Zealand with a fern; the Australian with a wallaby; and, naturally, the light blue of France with the cockerel superimposed. A true Valhalla

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and presiding over it a man I immediately recognized, Elie Cester, until two years ago a first choice front row forward of the French International XV. Around him, poring over copies of *L'Equipe*, were lesser but still imposing figures. I knew exactly what to say and as I went up to the bar to order a *pasta* I said it. "Barry John . . . c'est terrible, hein?"

That opened the floodgates all right. I knew they would not have heard about it. Barry John of Wales is the greatest rugby player in the world. And on the day I left home for my trout-fishing trip he had announced his retirement from the game at the ridiculous age of 27. Once the shock was over, those gallant Frenchmen assisted me to mourn, even though the news meant that in 1973 the chances of France beating Wales were greatly enhanced. (She did, last month, 12-3.) We mourned steadily through the night and the people who switched on their bedroom lights at four a.m. in the main street of Valence as my new friends

escorted me back to my hotel probably didn't even realize that our voices, upraised in *O'Reilly's Daughter*, were simultaneously paying tribute to the departure of a great one and to the cross-pollination of cultures that meant that such a classic song was known wherever rugby is played.

Twelve noon was the time set for my lunch at La Pyramide and it says much for the stamina of us trout-fishing rugby men that I was there on time. There to greet me was *la patronne*, Mme. Point, an old lady with piercing eyes who has been known to refuse to admit naive English and Americans for lunch because they have asked not only for aperitifs but *gm-based* ones. Myself, this morning after, had no wish for an aperitif, not ever, not for the rest of my life.

The mousse of trout, with which the meal started, was delicate and light enough to master. I might have managed the *pâté de grives* also had I not been foolish enough to ask the waiter what *grives* meant.

"I do not know the English word for them," he said, "but they are the little birds that are always flying around the olive trees." Mercifully, I did not learn until later that they were thrushes. But I was able to take a little of the turbot poached in white wine and was only shown up in my true colors while trying to hide my portion of *potter de Bresse* under my *dampfnus* potatoes. Madame and the headwaiter were desolate. What was wrong? I couldn't tell them what was wrong. How can you tell the proprietress of a restaurant with three stars in *Michelin* that everything tastes of *pasta*?

It was clearly time that I headed south for the Tarn, to the Château de la Caze, a 15th-century turreted castle, now a hotel set with absurd romanticism on a cliff above the river. The lobby was cool and stone-flagged. Stone steps, worn hollow, led up to my turret room and even inside it I could hear the roar of the Tarn. How much better, how much more life-enhancing this was than that seedy

continued



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rugby pub in Valence and its coarsened customers, I thought, taking a generous chestful of mountain air, I grabbed my boots and tackle, slipped on my new fly-fishing vest and with the flies of Hardy's and St. Hubert went to make closer acquaintance with the Tarn.

An all-too-close acquaintance. But so magical was the look of the Tarn, so clearly demanding to be fly-fished that I was dry and back on the river within the hour with a spare rod.

This time I stayed dry, but that was the limit of my achievement. I fished down run after run of entirely response-less water. I knew that I was covering the right places. I went through the gamut of flies that I had brought from London and Paris and later in the evening I tried the locally tied ones also. Not a rise, not a pluck. There was no insect life showing either, but I'd fished plenty of streams where this was the case. There, if anything, the trout were easier to catch. The only other fishermen I saw were a couple of tourists tossing spoons across the water. They weren't having any success either, which would not have been surprising in any circumstances.

I went back to the château, defeated but willing to be consoled by the *séjour* *café de la maison, la table d'hôte*, a complete truffle to myself, cooked in pastry. At least I'd recovered from that temporary setback of appetite at Valence. When I'd finished, the waiter leaned over. "The pastry cook would like to have a word with you," he said. He couldn't have any complaints, I thought. I'd made short work of the strawberry gâteau, hadn't I?

The pâtissier, though, had no complaint. He merely wished to show me his catch, which he had kept alive in a tank. It was a splendid five-pounder, a native trout, since the Tarn is not stocked. It had fallen, he told me, to a paste concocted there in that very kitchen. He took me out to show me his tackle. The pâtissier had his own special pitch, much trodden down, at the foot of the cliff on which the château was built. There, as a permanency, leaned his rod, 20 feet of bamboo. There was no reel, just a few yards of stout cord tied to a ring at

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the top like an illustration in a 17th century edition of *The Compleat Angler*. Mr. Lee would have fainted, but as for me, anybody who can catch a wild river trout of that size gets my immediate and close attention. "This paste," I asked as carelessly as I could, "was it simply a flour-and-water dough? Was anything added?"

The *pâtisier* smiled apologetically. As an angler, one had one's secrets. As an angler himself, Monsieur would understand. Monsieur understood, all right. It was already becoming plain that the entire staff of the château was fishing crazy: all through the days that followed I was to see them, singly or in pairs, sneaking down to the water in the off-duty hours, still in their blue-checked trousers and their white coats. The kitchen, probably, was a hissing stewpot of piscatorial competition and intrigue. As an outsider I couldn't expect any privileges.

So next day it was the fly rod again, and in the morning I fished my way



continued

down through perfect glides and riffles until the sun was high and the most responsive of streams would not have yielded a trout anyway. Not a twitch. And not a fish showing on the surface though you could see them well enough if you climbed one of the cliffs and looked down into the depths. The trout hung there unmoving and nothing short of a harpoon gun was going to shift them. It was time to seek further aid.

That evening I drove 50 kilometers to Millau where, if every French trout-fishing story I'd ever read was correct in detail, I would find the members of the Club de la Pêche Sportive gathered for the hour of the apéritif. The stories were entirely correct. A brief inquiry at the Syndicat d'Initiative, the town tourist bureau, confirmed that the Café Moderne was the place With-

in minutes I was in the presence of M. le Président of the club and his committee colleagues. They admired my fishing vest, poked through my fly box and exclaimed politely at the creations of Hardy Brothers and St. Hubert. And then the president broke the news. There was, naturally, no sport to compare with fly-fishing. Had not he himself been honored to appear on internationally distributed posters of the French Tourist Board, thigh-waded, casting a line across a pleasant reach of the Tarn? Did he not, in fact, *live* for fly-fishing? But, alas, Monsieur was a month too early. In May the Tarn was still too cold, there was no insect life, the trout would not move up in the water. There were small tributary streams, certainly, where Monsieur could fish fly but the trout were insignificant. It was a shame to have come such a long way. Was Monsieur staying at Millau?

No, I told them. At the Château de la Caze. At the château? Mild counter-

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nation. Then perhaps Monsieur was encountered Lous Bugaret, the junior? I admitted this. But what good fortune! I recalled the short, thickset man with the sailor's gait and the chocolate-brown waders. I couldn't see any reason for the excitement.

"But, Monsieur," said the president, continuing in the somewhat literary style he favored in English, "Lous is king of the river. His catches are the greatest. Three, four kilos of trout he brings in after an hour's fishing. He speaks to the fish in their own language!"

And so it was that next day, as soon as Lous had finished carrying in the olive boughs that would fuel the great open fire in the restaurant of the chateau, he took me to the banks of the Tarn for a demonstration of his methods.

"Cloc!" His imaginary lure plopped into the water a foot from the edge of the far cliff. "Tic . . . tic . . . tic . . ." He made three turns of the handle of his invisible spinning reel. "BO!" and the trout was hooked, twisting in the

green current. His face split in a Fer-nandel-like grin and he pulled from his pocket an old tobacco tin. Inside was the device that had made him king of the Tarn.

It looked like the hollow head of a bullet. Two holes were drilled through it and two tiny treble hooks each on an inch of fine nylon hung from the swivel built into the top of the contraption. "Attention!" exclaimed Lous. His hand dove into another capacious jacket pocket and came up with a white plastic bottle. Opening it with the loving care a *sommelier* gives to a Chateau Lafite he thrust it forward. Within it were swimming half a dozen little gray fish. "Let *intervenir*," he said reverently. Minnows. I might have guessed. Lous was a drop-minnow king. He did not have to explain any more. Years before I had learned how deadly for trout was a dead minnow encased with plenty of lead at its head so that it dived like a plummet as soon as it hit the water. You retrieved sink-and-reel and if you didn't take trout

this way you could hand in your rod. It all came back to me, the memory of caving the rod up, with the minnow reeled right up to the top ring, through a jungle of brambles and sally bush that cleared the Taff in Wales and, when it was clear, flicking the minnow out to the far bank. If a trout was there you'd get it in the first two turns of the reel.

I made signals to Lous that now, instantly, we would go back to the chateau for the rods. He sent back a soothing, no-hurry gesture, pointed to the sun and mimed, successively and with surprising skill, first heavy sleep and then an alarm clock going off. He pointed to five o'clock on my watch face, and I got the full message. Lous and I would make a dawn start. Meanwhile we retired to the bar for a comforting *pinot*. "Glasgow!" I said, raising my glass. "Glasgow!" responded Lous. The word had achieved a new semantic level. It now meant "Death to trout!"

At first light next morning I raised the heavy iron bar that secured the

continued

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mighty oak door of the chateau and, skidding a little on the cobblestones in my nailed boots, rendezvoused with Louis. We brushed between tamansks heavy with dew and scrambled over boulders until the Tarn, as gleaming with promise as ever, slid before us. Under Louis' watchful eye I mounted a minnow, threading copper wires through the holes in the lead cap to secure it. He stood back, arms folded, to see if I had absorbed the lesson. I let the minnow swing at the rod tip for the moment to judge its weight, then let it go.

"Clo!" I said as it dropped in close to the far bank. "Tie . . . tie . . . tie" went the reel. And "BOP!" The rod went over, the drag was buzzing and out there, rolling in the current, flashing gold and silver, was my first Tarn trout. A bit over one pound, which sounds better than a demi-kilo. "Bravo!" said Louis, netting it out. "Glasgow!" I said.

We split up, Louis going downstream and I heading toward a spot half a mile up where the gorge closed in completely and prevented further progress. I didn't get as far as that, though. By the time I had basketed my 14th trout the minnows had run out. The best fish would go a pound and a half but there wasn't one under a pound. The fish were not as plump as they would be in July and you could see why they had not been interested in the olives and duns I'd been wafting over them for two days. Meat hungry, they had no time to waste on trivia. I walked back, the creel strap cutting nicely into my shoulder, to join Louis for breakfast. He had caught 18 being more expert than I was at remounting a damaged minnow.

We took them down to the kitchen and tipped them out to annoy the *pâtissier*, who caught his very large trout at very long intervals on unnatural, still-fished bait. This day there would be no need for me to carry out the shameful task I had undertaken the previous morning. Around the chateau was a moat crammed with indolent, hand-fed rainbows bred to figure on the restaurant menu. And, taking pity on my fishlessness, the *chef de cuisine* had invited me

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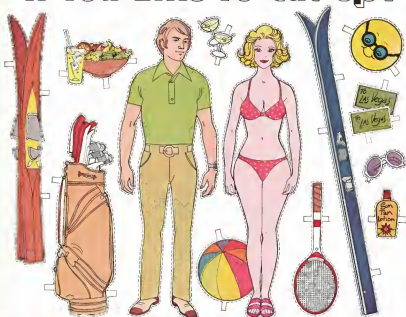


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to catch the day's rations for him (for the information of those who might one day fish the château moat, they come readily to a No. 14 Butcher, lightly dressed with a gold-tinselled body. Or to anything else). "Tonight," I told him, "you can serve the real thing."

Now I was eager to get to grips with a fish that at least would beat the pasty cook and his paste out of sight, if not anything like the vast 18½-pounder that held the Tarn record. Besides, that was taken at Ste-Ennime before World War I. No, a simple six- or seven-pounder would be fine. "Plus de saumon!" I said to Louis. Let's get more minnows.

It was now that Louis raised Catch-22. It was a lot easier to catch trout than minnows. At this time of year, he explained through willing kitchen interpreters, they were exceedingly hard to come by. In fact, on our dawn session we had squandered them like a sailor's payroll—in Glasgow. The day could not be devoted to fishing. Instead every effort would have to go into minnow collecting.

We walked over to Louis' private fishing shack in the château grounds and examined his minnow equipment. A trap made of a corked burgundy bottle with the glass knocked out from the end of the cone in its base. A miniature trap net that could be staked in the shallows. Hand nets as well. A little rod set up with a tiny hook to catch a fragment of worm. Louis had clearly been in this predicament before.

Back to the river again, but this time to a backwater that was less than knee-deep. Louis examined it with care and rejected it. "Bah!" he exclaimed and we walked another quarter mile. This time we found a pool that must have had possibilities, though not for instant fishing with rod and line. Instead Louis set the burgundy trap and we left. "Poop! poop!" he said mysteriously. I figured this out for a while then realized he wanted to be driven somewhere.

On his directions we motored downstream to the village of La Malène and went into the café. Louis seemed to be well-known there. There was a lot of handshaking and we settled down with

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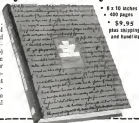
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a couple of brandies until maybe 10 minutes later a small boy hurst in with a plastic bottle. Two wavers, by heaven! It was only courteous to take another brandy before we proceeded to our next stop, the cafe at Les Vignes, where a similar drama was enacted. It was several cafes later, by which time the situation was becoming distinctly Glasgow, that we made our last stop at Le Rozier. That brought us up to two dozen wavers and a diminishing chance of getting back to the château that evening. It was only the thought of a repeat order of the entire truffle for starters and a promised cassoulet de Toulouse that got me over the last 20 kilometers and home for dinner. That and hauling the trap net. It contained one minnow.

To describe the rest of the week would merely be repetitious. Each day Louis and I followed the same routine. An early-morning massacre of the trout (we both turned out to be quantity, not quality, men, for we never topped two pounds) followed by a bibulous patrol of the cafes of the Tarn valley and a restful, well-fed evening. The last morning I recall well, though. I was returning to the château for breakfast, Louis alongside, when a big, new 4 1/2-liter Jaguar swirled the gravel as it pulled up on the drive. I scratched my head. Maybe I should have combed my hair that morning or at least shaved off the three-day growth. I had put on four pounds by way of cassoulet, truffles, pâté of guinea fowl, red wine and cognac, my fishing vest was losing its leather binding and a large stain of raspberry liqueur discolored the place where you are supposed to clip on the little pair of scissors. But I had caught many a trout.

From the Jaguar stepped a large, silver-haired gentleman and I could see the Hardy labels on the rods lying across the back seat. He addressed me politely in Anglo-French. "Est-il possible, Monsieur," he said, "to attraper les trouts round here?" I indicated my friend with a graceful gesture.

"Mon cher collègue, Monsieur Glasgow here, will tell you all about it," I said. "He is king of the Tarn." **END**

on July BBC-TV sent CUMMINGS off to Bushey Park for our return game with Uxbridge.

This time our men remembered not to drop their bats and this time the R.A.F. team did not have to play in slow motion. One of our batsmen, Al Negrete, actually scored 45 runs before being put out, which, if not exactly test match stuff, was not bad for an American who had been playing the game only a month. Writing about this in our own newspaper, the *UK Eagle*, I quoted Lieutenant Bell: "We have a long way to go before we can play test matches. But if we had two complete teams and more practice sessions, I think we could give any regular cricket team a good match." I called Bushey Park's players the "top American cricket outfit in England," the safest of assertions.

In fact, the R.A.F. beat us by only 111 to 97—thanks, it must be admitted, to our bowler, Arman Cummings from the U.S.A.F. hospital at Northwick Park, North London. Cummings, a black, fascinated the BBC cameraman. Instead of winding up and tying himself into a knot like a baseball pitcher, he raced forward with the ball and hurled it overhand, straight-armed, in the correct cricket manner. This startled the first R.A.F. batsman who swung, missed and heard the wicket fall. Cummings then bowled out the next two batsmen. In cricket, I noted down for my article, they call this a "bat trick."

After the game the British spectators and pressmen crowded around our hero. Had he ever played the game before? Cummings shifted from foot to foot, then finally admitted that he had. "Much?" somebody asked. Cummings looked at me, and I nodded. Yes, he admitted. Rather a lot. "Who for?" somebody asked. Cummings again looked at me, and again I nodded. "I'm from the West Indies," he said. "I used to bowl for a pro team that played demonstration matches all over the States."

By the time my own tour of duty in the Air Force ended two months later, the great American cricket team was no more. The enthusiasm of one bowler and one public relations-minded lieutenant had not been enough to keep it going. But if our exploits on the cricket pitch were forgotten, also forgotten were our armen's conquests on the street corners of Kingston and Teddington and Hampton Wick.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SEVEN STRAIGHT

Sirs,

In your article about UCLA's seventh consecutive national championship (*A Slurp Cone of Being Superbassus*, April 2) little was mentioned about the other fine Bruin players. I agree that Bill Walton is a great college basketball player, but it takes five to play the game. And Walton is no superhuman. First, he should learn to be a man. Sure he scored 44 points and pulled down countless rebounds, but when some calls of goading or fouls on him were made, he yelled, almost cried and nearly threw a fit. He's doing the right thing by staying in college another year for seasoning because who knows what will happen when he gets into the pros and has to play people his own size and a little bit tougher, like Chamberlain, Cowens, Abdul-Jabbar and Thurmond?

T. C. WURRICH

Easton, Pa.

Sirs,

Will you please pass along to Artur Robert Handvick my congratulations on his pictures? When I watched Memphis State I was intrigued by the eyes of Larry Finch. Then to see the expression so graphically portrayed—something so indefinable—was fantastic.

M. ZIEGLER

Akron

Sirs:

All week long I saw visions of those incredibly clear color photographs that would be taken at the Bill Walton Show. I anticipated seeing beautiful prints of a Greg Lee pass to Walton or maybe Larry Finch grinning at the free-throw line, or a pom-pom girl, or even a pom-pom. I might even have settled for a black and white closeup of Curt Gowdy! What happened?

I'm not attacking the work of Mr. Handvick, just the decision to exchange the glosses for the canvas.

BOB O'BRIEN

Troy, N.C.

Sirs,

Walton's Gang won the tournament, but Memphis State's Larry Finch had to win the hearts of all who watched. Besides being a tremendous ballplayer, Larry Finch is what life is all about. When Walton went down and Finch embraced him, he showed a spirit of sportsmanship not often seen at a tense tournament game. Larry Finch is a credit to his team, his school and all the athletes in the world.

DONALD A. DUFFY JR.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs,

The only way to make the NCAA basketball finals a contest again is to ban the champion from the playoffs the next year.

FRANK N. PIRACY

Gainesville, Fla.

Sirs,

In retrospect it appears that your selection of John Wooden as Sportsman of the Year was extremely apropos.

BOB FISHER

Beverly Hills, Calif.

GREAT WHITE CENTER

Sirs,

Thank you, Peter Curry. Dave Cowens (*Boston's Perpetual Motion Machine*, April 2) is certainly the first great White Center in the NBA. Recently, while departing from a Celtic-Hawk game, I spotted Cowens being followed by an assortment of basketball freaks and Cowens admirers. I called out to him that our car had broken down and asked if he knew of any good mechanics in the area. Well, Dave Cowens, who the day before had been selected as the MVP in the NBA, explained that he wasn't sure that he could fix it without any tools. He was about to open the hood of our car when we explained that we were only kidding and thanked him for his concern. That is Dave Cowens, the best "head butten" in the NBA.

MARK A. SOUTHWORTH

Fairhaven, Mass.

Sirs:

Dave Cowens deserves the award he has just received, the MVP of the National Basketball Association. Now all we are waiting for is Celtic Coach Tom Heinsohn to bring home Coach of the Year honors and the Celtics to land the NBA championship.

RENA-ANNE AMATO

Boston

Sirs,

In the selfish, greedy, dollar-oriented world of professional sports, where a man's salary and what he does with it seem more important than his field-goal percentage or batting average, it does my heart much good to hear of a gifted athlete who longs for the simpler things in life and manages to achieve them.

BARRY BURNETT

Butler, N.J.

MORE MOORE

Sirs:

Kenny Moore's story about the running of the Munich marathon (*The Long Blue Line: A Run*, April 2) is the best I have

ever read. I sincerely hope there are more in the works.

Track is a beautiful sport, and the marathon is the most satisfying event because there is more of it. In my experience distance men are more inspirational than their colleagues (all that running gives them lots of time to contemplate their purpose). Thank you for combining Moore's talents with the beauty of his event. Please, please continue.

ALAN BECKWITH

Wayland, Mass.

Sirs,

The Long Blue Line was further testimony that the Olympics have become largely a showcase for political and personal propaganda, and I ask that you send a copy of the article—or Kenny Moore himself—to the International Olympic Committee.

Through an Olympic athlete's ability to listen to others, may the IOC realize that understanding and respect for one's competitors are not only the key to a legitimate Olympic victory or defeat, but also the only hope for the Games to survive as international recognition of an individual's efforts to achieve athletic excellence.

TONY BALIS

Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Sirs:

It was magnificent coverage of a poorly understood event and the problems facing its top competitors. But Brown and Galikow were a bit ahead in the cherry picking game if they got picked up by the *Polze* in Oslo. *Polze* is German. In Norwegian it's *Polen*. Even says so on the patrol cars. And besides, Norwegian cherries are like their U.S. cousins; they're sour only when picked out of season. Just ask any American kid who's been picked up by the *polizei* for cherry picking.

M. MICHAEL BRADY

Oslo

RUNNED WOMAN?

Sirs,

In regard to the Margaret Court vs. Bobby Riggs tennis match (*SCORING CARD*, March 5) from an authoritative book of the 1920s, *Merlones of the Game* by Paret, we quote: "The actual difference in the standards of skill between the two sexes is more than most people realize. About 40 years ago there was a famous test match in England between the two champions of the day: William Reushau and Miss Lotte Dod—with Reushau giving Dod a handicap of minus-40 and won rather easily." Now Bobby Riggs, a sharpe, has just the strokes (drop shot and deadly accurate lob that bothered

continued

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In Bushey Park the Cry Was, 'Batsman Up'

Some 20 years ago the good name of the American Third Air Force was shockingly threatened, finally driving a base commander in England to desperate—albeit sporting—measures **by DAVID LAMPE**

Sergeant," the colonel informed me with exasperation one May morning in 1952. "Third Air Force is not happy about those stories in the national newspapers. I mean the stories about my airmen picking up girls in the streets of Kingston and Toddington and Hampton Wick." Then, in a matter more to himself than to me, "You'd think that with all that's going on in the world, these Limey newspapers would have something better to write about."

The harassed commander of the U.S.A.F. base in Bushey Park was expressing an annoyance that all of us U.S. airmen in England were feeling at the time. YANKS, GO HOME! was daubed on walls up and down the country. And many other things suggested to us that our presence as paying guests of the Crown was no longer appreciated. We in public information spent most of our working hours trying without much success to get our Air Force a better shake in the British newspapers.

"Our problem, sir," I tried to explain, "stems from the fact that the British weekly newspapers pay reporters badly."

"Eh?" said Lieut. Colonel Samuel Marsh, frowning.

"You see, sir," I went on, "local reporters resell their stories to Fleet Street, and any nasty story about American troops is good for linage, especially where there's a sex angle. That wartime joke about our being 'overpaid, oversexed and over here' may be wearing pretty thin, but..."

"How," the colonel broke in, "do you keep papers from printing what you don't want them to?"

"Well, sir," I went on, "newsprint is rationed, and that puts a limit on the amount the papers can print about us. Probably the best way to kill a bad story is to offer a good one in its place."

"Anything good been happening around here?" he asked doubtfully.

"Sir," I said, "our softball team plays exhibitions at various local gatherings. But doesn't it seem to you, sir, that instead of showing these people our national pastime, we ought to be trying to learn theirs?"

Colonel Marsh was losing patience. "What," he asked, "has all this to do

with my airmen and these local girls?"

I answered with another question: "Don't you think, sir, that you ought to start a base cricket team?"

"Sergeant," the colonel replied, his voice steel hard, "I doubt if there's a man jack on this base who knows or cares the first damn thing about cricket."

I smiled. "That, sir, is precisely what I'm counting on."

Colonel Marsh did not smile back, but I sensed that the penny had, as the British say, dropped. He promised that he would discuss the matter with Captain Jack Grant, his Special Service officer, which he did.

Grant wangled a challenge from the cricket team at the Royal Air Force station at nearby Uxbridge, then told me, "This job is a natural for our Basil."

Born and brought up in London's working-class district of East Hackney, Basil Kane had left England to live with an uncle in Chicago in 1948, had been naturalized and at draft age had joined the Air Force—which sent him right back to London. Basil smoked fatter cigars, chewed more gum and spouted more American slang than any airman at Bushey Park, and I remember him emerging from Grant's office, shaking his head and muttering, "Cricket, shmicket! So what's wrong with baseball?" Then he saw me. "What's with this cricket nonsense, Lampe? Can you see any of our blokes volunteering for a cricket team?" Basil must have been shaken, he'd said "blokes" when he meant "guys."

I tried to calm him. "Appeal to our men's sporting instincts," I suggested. "Tell 'em that cricket is so much slower than baseball they'll make monkeys out of the Limeys." But Basil was right: nobody volunteered. Finally Captain Grant arbitrarily detailed 11 men from Bushey's baseball squad to become cricketers. A 12th man was Lieut. Don Bell, the base adjutant, a former radio announcer who presumably would be able to cope with reporters.



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Batsman Up *continued*

At the first practice Basil lined up the team and began a lecture only Bell listened to. The rest tossed baseballs from hand to hand, whispered to each other and thoughtfully scratched themselves.

"Now listen, you guys," Basil pleaded, "cricket is not the same as baseball."

"You can say that again!" somebody hissed.

Basil pretended not to hear as he launched into a long muddled lecture about "bowlers" and "wickets," "creases" and "slips," "halks" and "stumps." A remark about "bowling a maiden over" got a laugh, but terms like "googlies," "silly mid ons," "cover points," "square legs," "leg byes" and "out for a duck" were just ignored. Basil did manage to get across the fact that the paddle he brandished was a cricket bat and he was able to explain that a "bowler" was a pitcher, a "wicket keeper" a catcher, a "batsman" a batter. But then he plunged right back into deep water with "lbw" and "hat trick" and "declaring." If Captain Grant had not been there to pull rank, I don't think that his baseball players, some with Texas League contracts waiting for them back home, would have learned anything at all about the English national pastime.

That first session ended with Basil emotionally dripping sweat, the players almost dead of boredom and me insisting to Bell and Grant that my idea had been a very good one indeed.

Soon afterward a reporter who had heard that Bushey Park's new cricket team was going to play R A F Uxbridge on Friday, June 4, visited me, tingling with excitement, already adding up what this story was going to earn him in Fleet Street. I played it cool. "I've seen our guys practicing," I admitted, "and personally I don't think they're very good. They've got a lot of baseball reflexes that they just can't discard."

"Such as?"

"Well, for one thing, when they hit the ball they drop the bat before they run." Then I gave him a generous dose of the stuff about our men wanting to learn his national game instead of teaching his compatriots ours. And he covered pages with Pitman scrawlings.

Meanwhile, Basil had held several more practice sessions and Lieutenant Bell had assured me, "I think the men have begun to get the idea of the game. More or less."



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Batsman Up *continued*

The day before the game, tipped by my reporter (from the *Surrey Courier*), the Fleet Street papers all telephoned.

Yes, they would be welcome to visit Bushey, but they shouldn't, I warned, expect very good cricket.

That weekend, instead of the usual stories about American airmen and peroxide floozies in the main streets around Bushey Park, the press was filled with good-natured reports of our cricket game. I still have a clipping from the tabloid *Daily Graphic* headlined *CITIZEN KANE PUTS SWING INTO CRICKET*.

It begins with an entirely fictitious encounter between Basil and Colonel Marsh in which the colonel states, "America depends on you this day, my boy." And eventually it gets around to the game:

"Yesterday he [Basil] led his cigar-smoking, fatigue-trousered, gum-chewing American team against an R.A.F. side resplendent in white flannels.

"On a tree-fringed green, America's openers, Corporal George Buckley, from Yakima, Washington State, and Airman John Barn, from New Jersey, stepped out.

"Thirty minutes and several baseball swings later the innings closed for 27. And three occasions were recorded on which batsmen dropped their butts and ran to cover point—which was a baseball reflex but Not Cricket.

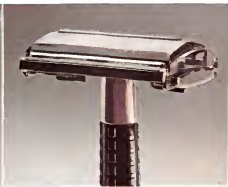
"The R.A.F. put on 70 for three and declared. They said it had been a 'jolly good show' and the Americans agreed it had been 'swell fun.'

"But the silence had them unsettled. Said a sergeant from Arkansas: 'This "Howzat" business is what I like best.'"

During the next weeks Bushey Park's cricket team was invited to play all over Surrey and Middlesex. Usually they took along softball equipment and, after the novelty of Americans fumbling at cricket palled, they would hand out their bats and gloves and play the cricketers a few innings of softball, which is enough like the British children's game of "rounders" so that the sides became evenly matched. All this was good for Anglo-American relations, as well as achieving the intended goal, providing good stories to edge out bad ones. Several weeks after our first game England's leading newspaper cartoonist, Giles of the *Daily Express*, drew a typical English village cricket pitch being invaded by an American Air Force baseball team. And

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On the way to the plane, he handed Annie a note: "You give a man about me and that is what I want most. I love you, and that is all I can give you right now except the best possible in life to make you proud of me."

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19TH HOLE continued

even Budget) to run a woman. And Margaret Court has a weak, semi-slice backhand. No handicap is proposed despite Ruggs' having the advantage of his court surface and time zone. Has Ruggs been arrested recently for taking candy from babies?

MARVIN O. ADAMS

Los Altos, Calif.

NCAA-AAA Sins

You came rather close to violating your tradition (Scorecard, March 26) by almost saying something positive about the National Collegiate Athletic Association.

Though I have read every issue of your magazine has ever published, I cannot recall a kind word about the NCAA. Your latest story admitting that the NCAA should have become the nucleus for a governing body over amateur sports 50 years ago is just about the meanest thing you've ever said about this organization.

In your potshots at the NCAA, dropped into all sorts of stories, you are giving the American public the impression that this is a select group of people who are governing sports in our colleges and universities. What you never mention is that the "a" on the end of NCAA stands for "associations." It is a collection of all the nation's institutions of higher education who are governing their athletic policies by belonging to the association.

With over 25 years in the college sports field, I and most of my colleagues are aware of what we have accomplished by belonging to the NCAA, virtually eliminating the cheating and downright unethical operation of intercollegiate athletics that was rampant in the era so many tend to call "the good old days."

I am sure that virtually all of the more than 600 member colleges of the NCAA will join me in restating your statement that "...big-time college football and basketball [are] essentially professional sports." Your editors prevented this statement as a quote from "one weary observer of the amateur scene," but the "observer" is not identified.

Does this so-called "observer" call our football and basketball "essentially professional" because they take in money at the gate? If so, then are the Olympics amateur? A ticket to a single event at the recent Munich Olympics went as high as \$20.

Or are we "essentially professional" because athletic scholarships are given to the participants? If so, then why doesn't the "weary observer" consider our track, swimming, wrestling, baseball, golf, tennis, etc. athletes as professionals too? Athletic grants-in-aid are by no means limited to football and basketball, and neither are gate receipts.

Lexington, Va.

Tom Jovine

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19TH HOLE *continued*

Sirs:

Your conclusion on the AAU-NCAA dispute is quite appropriate, but it is not me the AAU with all its imperfections ready the federation you suggest be nixed. Why start another when we repeat all the past mistakes of the AAU before attaining a stature that the AAU had for many years?

The AAU should be improved, not banded. Organizations such as the AAU are not broad enough to cover the entire sport spectrum, and even today there are athletes—college or noncollege—who play for the AAU.

JOHN M. MUELLER

Dallas

NORALIZING (CONT.)

Sirs:

I have been a sports fan since childhood and it has been through you, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, that I have seen professional athletics as a business and not an institution isolated from the rest of American life.

I feel that SI has taken a stand by implying that Fritz Peterson and Ketch have tainted all of professional sports by revealing the details of their game (SECURECARD, March 19). The fact that athletes' problems are not common knowledge only give me a greater appreciation of the "rise" ability to perform feats beyond the ability of the average person and does not in my mind the enjoyment I will derive as a fan.

Sports will become more of a game of cat-and-mouse or when we all realize that it is not be exempt to participate.

MARCO W. WILSON

Bayside, N.Y.

EVERYBODY HAPPY

Sirs:

The two "no-decoration" games (90-90) between the junior varsity and teams of Washburn University in Kansas and Fort Hays State of Kansas as reported in SECURECARD (March) reminded me of the only other game I ever heard of.

In Sichang, Sikang, West China, four fellow missionaries and I played a new basketball team representing a bank. Trading most of the game, we agreed to tie the score at the end of regulation play and felt we could take overtime. But there was no overtime.

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Preferred by Car & Driver.

In fact, Car & Driver magazine recently compared this Maverick to several imported compacts.

The results: Maverick with Luxury Decor Option preferred to Volvo, to Audi, to Saab, to Peugeot.

At Your Ford Dealer's.

We could tell you a lot more. But we don't know many cars that can speak for themselves better than Maverick. Ask for a test drive.

Better idea for safety: buckle up!



4-door: shown with optional
Luxury Decor Option.

Overlapper: shown with deluxe
bumper guard, high-back bucket seats,
forged aluminum wheels.

4 door: shown with optional
Exterior Decor (chrome bumper, chrome
white sidewall tires, vinyl roof).

FORD MAVERICK

FORD DIVISION



[illegible]

Section I is about cars in general — models, options, body styles, insurance, even financing. It will help no matter what kind of car you buy. Section II deals with Ford Motor Company cars. It offers facts, figures, specifications—the things you need to know.

For your free copy, write:
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Notes

Address	Art. No.
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Time	Mean	SD
1 min	1.0	0.1
5 min	1.0	0.1
10 min	1.0	0.1
15 min	1.0	0.1
20 min	1.0	0.1
25 min	1.0	0.1
30 min	1.0	0.1
35 min	1.0	0.1
40 min	1.0	0.1
45 min	1.0	0.1
50 min	1.0	0.1
55 min	1.0	0.1
60 min	1.0	0.1
65 min	1.0	0.1
70 min	1.0	0.1
75 min	1.0	0.1
80 min	1.0	0.1
85 min	1.0	0.1
90 min	1.0	0.1
95 min	1.0	0.1
100 min	1.0	0.1
105 min	1.0	0.1
110 min	1.0	0.1
115 min	1.0	0.1
120 min	1.0	0.1
125 min	1.0	0.1
130 min	1.0	0.1
135 min	1.0	0.1
140 min	1.0	0.1
145 min	1.0	0.1
150 min	1.0	0.1
155 min	1.0	0.1
160 min	1.0	0.1
165 min	1.0	0.1
170 min	1.0	0.1
175 min	1.0	0.1
180 min	1.0	0.1
185 min	1.0	0.1
190 min	1.0	0.1
195 min	1.0	0.1
200 min	1.0	0.1
205 min	1.0	0.1
210 min	1.0	0.1
215 min	1.0	0.1
220 min	1.0	0.1
225 min	1.0	0.1
230 min	1.0	0.1
235 min	1.0	0.1
240 min	1.0	0.1
245 min	1.0	0.1
250 min	1.0	0.1
255 min	1.0	0.1
260 min	1.0	0.1
265 min	1.0	0.1
270 min	1.0	0.1
275 min	1.0	0.1
280 min	1.0	0.1
285 min	1.0	0.1
290 min	1.0	0.1
295 min	1.0	0.1
300 min	1.0	0.1
305 min	1.0	0.1
310 min	1.0	0.1
315 min	1.0	0.1
320 min	1.0	0.1
325 min	1.0	0.1
330 min	1.0	0.1
335 min	1.0	0.1
340 min	1.0	0.1
345 min	1.0	0.1
350 min	1.0	0.1
355 min	1.0	0.1
360 min	1.0	0.1
365 min	1.0	0.1
370 min	1.0	0.1
375 min	1.0	0.1
380 min	1.0	0.1
385 min	1.0	0.1
390 min	1.0	0.1
395 min	1.0	0.1
400 min	1.0	0.1
405 min	1.0	0.1
410 min	1.0	0.1
415 min	1.0	0.1
420 min	1.0	0.1
425 min	1.0	0.1
430 min	1.0	0.1
435 min	1.0	0.1
440 min	1.0	0.1
445 min	1.0	0.1
450 min	1.0	0.1
455 min	1.0	0.1
460 min	1.0	0.1
465 min	1.0	0.1
470 min	1.0	0.1
475 min	1.0	0.1
480 min	1.0	0.1
485 min	1.0	0.1
490 min	1.0	0.1
495 min	1.0	0.1
500 min	1.0	0.1
505 min	1.0	0.1
510 min	1.0	0.1
515 min	1.0	0.1
520 min	1.0	0.1
525 min	1.0	0.1
530 min	1.0	0.1
535 min	1.0	0.1
540 min	1.0	0.1
545 min	1.0	0.1
550 min	1.0	0.1
555 min	1.0	0.1
560 min	1.0	0.1
565 min	1.0	0.1
570 min	1.0	0.1
575 min	1.0	0.1
580 min		

Figure 1



...has a better idea
(we listen better)

SUMMARY OF THE EVIDENCE

I enjoyed reading your story in SI about professional golf's "second coming" (*Life of the Underground Tour*, March 26) and I appreciate your perceptive view of our tour. This is the only chance for a good golfer to find out his potential. The outdated USGA amateur code makes it impossible for a player without means to play amateur golf except on the local weekend level. I sincerely doubt Joe Dey's contention that we will ever run out of players and or sponsors. Just one golfer from each college should produce enough new entries every year to replenish the loss in players. Dey also says that only about 20% of our players will break even or come out ahead each year. I say that the same holds true for the big tour, but as a participant I see nothing wrong in this as it is pure capitalism in action—the survival of the fittest. Thanks again for your article and I hope future coverage of golf will include the NPGA tour.

Tampa, Fla.

If Mr. Gammon truly covered Aultree (*Rebuck for a Fall*, March 26), how could he possibly have known how many were at breakfast the next morning?

Los Angeles

- He peeked into the breakfast room on his way to bed.—ED.

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on the Memphis State Tigers (*Dr. K., Bay Cor and Little Tony*, Feb. 26) and their coach, Clean Gene Barrow, and your deserved attention to their attainments. While your reporter focused on the present, may I add a bit of the past that may be of interest to your readers. For two years Gene also has coached the Puerto Rican National Basketball Team, and despite tremendous problems has produced a 13-4 record in the Pan-American and Olympic Games, against the world powers of amateur basketball, who unquestionably had much more to work with than did the little La Bella Isla of the Caribe. In Cali his team won the silver medal, losing to a great Brazilian team on a contested shot at the "pan" that never went off shades of Murchen!

R. H. PUGH, JR.

San Juan, P.R.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.6 mg. nicotine—Light: 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—
Marlboro: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72